

Children's Newspaper

The Week's Wild Life in Pictures
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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UNION JACK FOR JOAN OF ARC'S VILLAGE

A FLAG FOR JOAN OF ARC

UNION JACK TO FLY IN HER OLD VILLAGE

A Happy Remembrance for the Scene of Her Childhood STATUE FROM WINCHESTER

For a long time we have been saying "Very sorry, Joan," and thinking sadly of the appalling crime we committed long ago at Rouen when we burned the Maid of Orleans.

Since then we have done what we could to pay homage to her memory. Now a lovely flag has been sent across the Channel to hang in Joan's little chapel at Domremy.

The story of this flag is one of the prettiest events that have happened in England for some time, and is a flower of remembrance to the Maid's country as well as to Joan herself. It was subscribed for privately by a few friends, and one of them, who loves the C.N., wrote to tell us about it.

Bonds of Friendship

This Union Jack was woven of purest Spitalfields silk, and has in that way a special significance, for the silk industry at Spitalfields was founded by French Huguenots who came to find a home in England during the religious troubles at the end of the seventeenth century. This is quite a nice link, to begin with.

The next link was made when the flag was finished. The promoters of this gracious act of remembrance to Joan seized the occasion of Marshal Foch's last visit to England to ask him to sign his name on the colours. Earl Haig added his name. Here, again, the friendship of the two countries is symbolised.

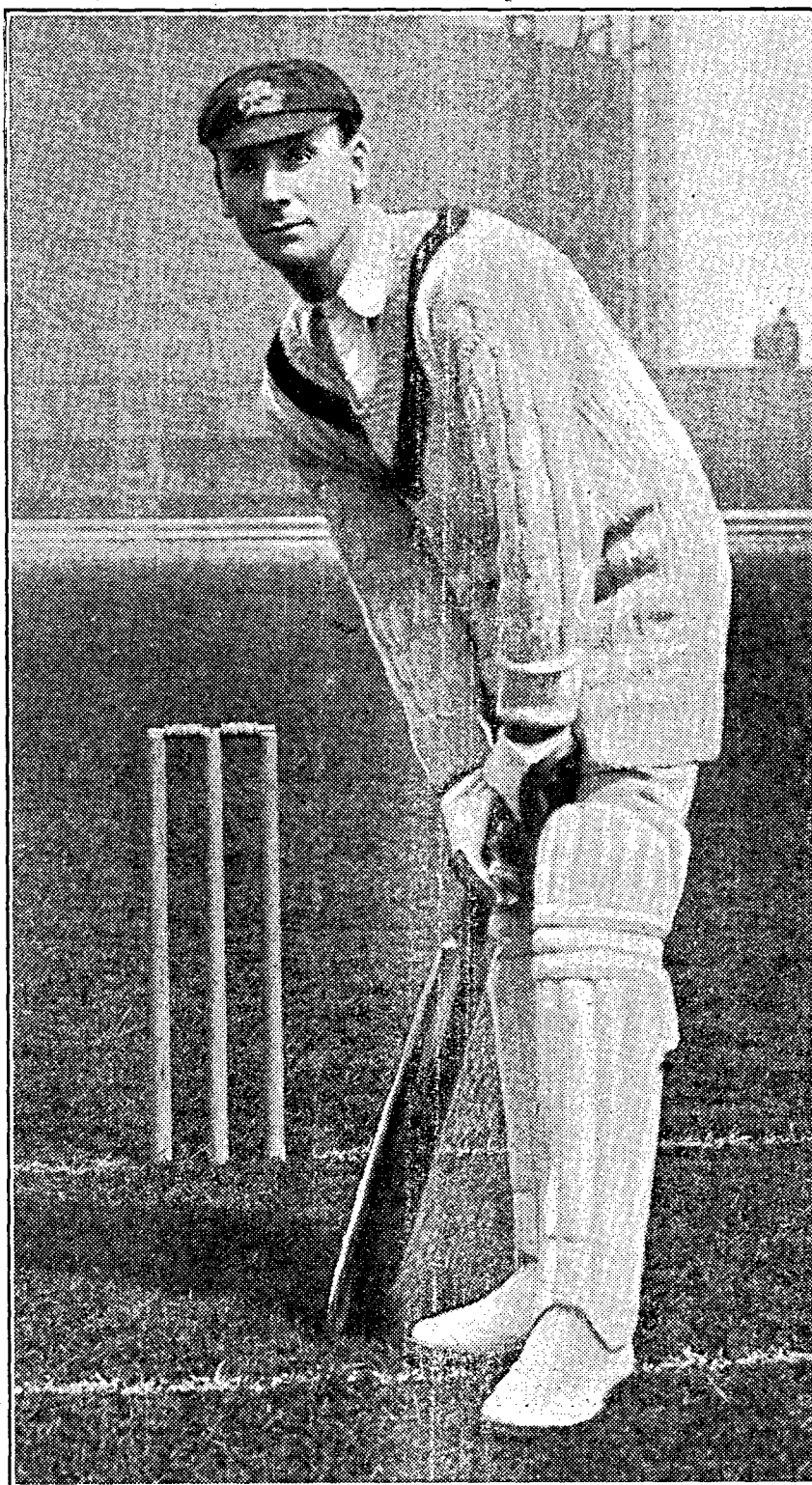
Then this beautiful silk Union Jack was dedicated by the Bishop of London and blessed by the Bishop of Ontario on behalf of Canada and the Dominions. During that ceremony more than one person prayed that on the two countries as well as on the flag of England should fall the blessing which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

Where Joan Heard the Voices

When all was in order, Prebendary Wilson Carlile and his sister took charge of the flag and carried it across the Channel into France, past Joan's little home in Domremy, and on to the meadows where the Maid had sat so many entrancing hours, listening to her mysterious voices.

Once this lovely field was thick with oaks. Now upon it stands a fine church. You come across Joan at once in the porch, in a sculptured group. There she is kneeling at the feet of St. Michael, between her beloved Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. Inside the church are six frescoes of scenes in the thrilling life of the Maid who stirred the nation to drive the English out of France

The Greatest Living Batsman



Though W. G. Grace remains the greatest all-round cricketer in the history of the game, Hobbs has become the greatest batsman of our time by passing Dr. Grace's record of 126 centuries. No other batsman has ever made fourteen centuries in one season, as Hobbs has done this summer. See page 4

and was betrayed for her pains. Under the church is Joan's Memorial Chapel, and there the Union Jack was placed, opposite the Stars and Stripes of America, symbolising the homage of remembrance of English-speaking people everywhere.

We are glad also to be able to announce that a copy of the statue of Joan in Winchester Cathedral has been presented to the village of Domremy by

the committee organizing the Winchester Fund. There being a balance when the statue had been placed in the Lady Chapel at Winchester, the money was happily spent on providing a replica of the figure for Joan's own village, where it now stands.

There is now, therefore, an English flag and an English statue in Domremy.

The Editor of the C.N. has an article on Joan in My Magazine for September.

A RACE FOR LIFE THRILLING ADVENTURE ON A BRIDGE

Car's Dash in Front of an Express Train

SAVED BY SECONDS

Two men got out of their motor-car on the Canterbury side of the long Waikato Bridge which crosses the river from Otago, in New Zealand, and shook hands fervently with one another. The crash and rattle of an express train was still in their ears, the dust and smoke from it was still drifting over their car. "Thank God," said the motorist, "we just saved that express by two seconds!"

That was the first thought in the mind of both of them, though they might have been expected to be congratulating one another on having saved their own lives by a few yards. The Waikato Bridge is narrow, and it is used by motor-cars and other vehicles as well as by the trains which cross on its rails. It is not wide enough for train and car to pass abreast.

The Man Who Forgot

Consequently a car must not be on the bridge when a train is approaching. But the bridgekeeper, forgetting to close the bars, had allowed the car of Mr. Meredith, who was driving his friends, Mr. Holdsworth and his son, to pass on to the bridge, although the express from Canterbury was then leaving Glentaire station on the other side.

Half-way across someone saw its smoke. The car could not turn back, it must go on, though if it did not get off the bridge before the train reached it it would be cut down. Worse than that, the train approaching the bridge from a slight angle through the cutting, would become entangled in the ruins of the car, and thrown off the rails. Not three lives but many were at stake.

Mr. Meredith saw the danger and resolved instantly. "We had better hurry," he said quietly, pressing his foot on the accelerator. The car rushed forward to meet the train, it reached the end of the bridge with but sixty yards to spare, swerved violently away from the roaring death in front, and they saw engine, cars, and carriages thunder by at forty miles an hour. They could have counted no more than one, two, three between the time they were off the bridge and the train was on it.

A FIRE FIVE MILES HIGH Putting It Out

Clever use of a fire extinguisher when nearly five miles up in the air saved the life of a famous French aviator when his plane caught fire the other day.

Flames burst from his engine, but instant application of the chemicals put the fire out, and he was able to land his machine in safety.

DOWN THE PIT SHAFT

WHAT HAPPENED IN A CHILDREN'S GAME

Two Girl Heroes, and How They Saved a Little Boy COURAGE AND CALM

An incident which might have been a tragedy but for the presence of mind and courage of two girls of eleven took place in Ayrshire the other day.

Some children were playing about in the area of an old pit that was worked out some time ago, and as they played little Billie Rutherford, seven years old, flying headlong out of his pursuer's way, took refuge against the railings of the air shaft. Suddenly there was the crashing of boards, a terrified shriek, and dead silence. The barricade had given way. Billie had disappeared.

The little ones rushed off in blind terror to tell the village that Billie Rutherford had fallen down the old air-shaft. Two big girls of eleven, Margaret Wallace and Bessie Miller, stayed behind. Trembling from head to foot they went to the hole where their playmate had fallen through.

Caught by the Air Fan

They knew what to expect of these old shafts, the long, deep, black well with yellow fungus growing round the sides, and at the bottom a tiny circle of light, which you could see if someone held your hand while you leaned over. It was the water at the bottom of the shaft that made the gleam. You could drop a stone there and listen until there came a faint "ping!"

The two girls peered into the gloom of the shaft and gave a great cry. Billie had been caught in his fall by one of the stationary blades of the air fan. He was there stunned, his head bleeding, only ten feet below the surface. Underneath him yawned the horror of the black well. He would be saved if he would keep still a minute. But how?

Quietly Bessie went over the edge of the shaft. The brickwork was not closely set, and she found a footing. Step by step she climbed down the sides of that shaft of death till she reached the little one clinging there.

All is Well That Ends Well

She steadied him while he climbed up a few steps. Margaret, lying down and hanging head and shoulders over the hole, caught at his wrists and then his jacket. Getting a grip with her other arm on safe ground, she dragged the child up and pushed him safely out of the way.

There was Bessie to get up now. She might lose her head before Margaret could catch at her, and fall headlong down the gaping sides of the shaft.

More than one mother shivered when the village folk ran to the old pit and heard the story. But by then Margaret had pulled Bessie out, and the three were sitting close together beyond the shaft head, safe; and all is very well that ends so well.

A CAR TURNS OFF THE LIGHT

And Puts a Town in Darkness

It would seem hardly believable that a motor-car could contrive to interfere with a town's electric light supply.

The other night, however, a car managed to plunge Wallington into darkness in the following curious way. After colliding with a cyclist, it dashed into an electric light distribution box, knocking it over, and so put out the lights for nearly an hour.

WHEN THE BIRD FLIES THRO' THE WINDOW

Advertise in The Times

The other day a Chelsea lady who loves birds lost one of her gouldians, called Charles. He flew out of the window and did not come back.

The lady whistled for him, and called for him, and waited, and waited, but Charles did not come back.

Then the lady sent an advertisement to The Times, and three days later the bird came back! He had evidently been lost, and flown farther and farther from home, thinking he was getting nearer.

Charles flew a long way for so small a bird, all the time looking for signs of home. When he was two miles away, in Iverna Gardens, Kensington, he suddenly saw what seemed a familiar sight, open windows near the top of a house and a box of flowers on the sill. Surely this is home, thought he. He flew in at the open window and saw a strange lady having her tea. At once he tried to fly out again, but someone stopped him. It was somebody who had seen The Times. Presently Charles was carried a long, long way, and Charles could not think what was going to happen to him next until—joy! There he was home again!

Charles was put back in the cage and Jane and Robert were very pleased to see him back. At least, Jane was. Robert found him a little trying. He would strut about and put on airs as much as to say "I have been out in the world, I have."

But to this day he does not know that it was an advertisement in a newspaper that brought him home.

W. G. UNBEATEN

Why He is Supreme in Cricket

Hobbs, the greatest batsman of our time, paid tribute to the immortal W. G. when he had surpassed the great doctor's record of centuries.

With fine wisdom, as well as modesty, he pointed out that Dr. Grace would go down as the greatest cricketer of all time, because he made his runs in days when run-making was a far more difficult business than it is nowadays. On the old-time pitches (said Hobbs) three balls in the over might shoot along the ground, while others rose as high as the batsman's head.

Another point that we should remember is that W. G. made many centuries in matches which nowadays would be considered first-class, though at that time they did not rank as such and are not counted. It must also be remembered that even in his most brilliant days W. G.'s first-class matches occupied less than half his season, and, last, but not least, W. G. was a fine bowler as well as a batsman.

So, as the C.N. said some weeks ago, and as Mr. Plum Warner says now, it is wrong to compare the great batting of Hobbs with the batting of W. G., and the claim of W. G. to be the greatest master of cricket is still unchallenged.

COUNTING IN KENYA

Superstition in the Way of a Census

Of course, we like to know the population of the British Empire, and as Kenya has been a Crown Colony since 1920, it is time we had a census there. But there seem to be difficulties.

The Northern frontier tribes are very restless, and the Chief Native Commissioner thinks soldiers may have to go with the enumerators, which may mean a subtraction from the numbers to be counted before the work is done.

Other superstitious tribes have a taboo against counting either themselves or their many wives or even their cattle. They believe that if the gods learn how many cattle and wives they have they may make trouble.

ZIZI

How He Startled a City THE LURKING TERROR AMONG THE TREES

Zizi, the well-known leopard of the Paris Zoo, is no more, but in three days of freedom he has won such fame as no leopard has achieved before.

Apparently Zizi found life in a cage much too dull, so he dug down with his claws and cunningly tunnelled his way out. The result was that Paris was startled one morning to hear that a probably ferocious Abyssinian leopard was lurking in the thickets of the beautiful Bois de Boulogne, which skirts the city on the western side and is a favourite resort of the Parisians in the warm summer evenings.

Suddenly everyone became afraid of seeing Zizi's green eyes in the dusk. That day and the next the Bois was deserted in the evening except by hunters, who came from all parts of Paris to join in the chase. A cordon of police and keepers searched every yard of the two thousand acres of the Bois; motor-cars, searchlights, even an elephant with a howdah, were brought into play; but still there was no sign of the elusive Zizi.

In a School Playground

The next night, too, he preserved his freedom, while the quiet Bois was turned into a danger spot by the excited hunters. No doubt the poor leopard was more frightened than he had ever been in his native jungle, and in the morning the caretaker of a school saw him prowling in the playground, perhaps searching for a tit-bit.

Zizi was as startled as the caretaker, for he made a tremendous leap through the glass of a verandah and then made off. But meanwhile three armed policemen arrived, and soon Zizi was found hiding in a shrubbery. He made a last dash for safety by running down a railway embankment, but as he reached the lines the policemen fired, and he fell dead across the sleepers. Poor Zizi!

OUR GIRLS ABROAD

Joan Fry and Kitty McKane Show Brilliant Play

England is feeling very proud just now of Miss Joan Fry, the girl who has matched herself in tennis against the great of the Earth.

She has been playing in the Women's National Tennis Championship at Forest Hills in America, which is to the U.S.A. what Wimbledon is to England. There Joan has achieved a glorious victory by beating Miss Mary Browne of California, who is America's second best player.

It had been no small thing for Joan to stand up to Miss Browne's brilliant play, but that dogged streak which made her fight losing battles at Wimbledon served her well at Forest Hills.

After she had been badly beaten in the first set Joan seemed to get the measure of her opponent, and at the same time was taken by one of those flashes of sheer genius that have brought her, unscientific player as she is, to the front rank.

There is something rather pleasing to the British spirit in this spectacle of a girl beaten on her own ground winning the victory abroad.

Miss McKane has done great deeds, too, scoring a lightning victory over Mrs. Jessup in two love sets, although she was beaten in the final by 19-year-old Miss Wills, now the champion.

We hope to see more of this kind of achievement. At any rate our tennis girls can say "What we lose on the roundabouts we make up on the swings."

THE POET AND ALADDIN'S LAMP

Where He Would Have Built a House

Probably there is no better gift that anyone could make to England than a little bit of her lovely self.

The old poets of Lakeland would rejoice if they could know that Sir John and Lady Randles have just handed over to the National Trust eighty acres of beautiful scenery bordering Lake Derwentwater's northern shore. It includes famous Crow Park, Cockshott Wood, and Castle Head, the stump of an old volcano that may have been 6000 feet high.

Crow Park, which is at present let off for grazing and has been in danger of falling into the hands of the builders, was the delight of Southey and Gray. "There it is," wrote Southey, "if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse, that I would build myself a house."

So now the lovely spot that Southey loved has become the property of us all.

A USELESS LOCK-OUT

150,000 Workers Idle for Weeks

A wage dispute in the great woollen trade which made 150,000 workers idle for three weeks has just been settled on terms that might as well have been agreed on without any stoppage at all.

The workers had asked for a five per cent increase of wages, and the masters demanded a ten per cent reduction. After much discussion the masters altered their demand to a five per cent drop, and the workers, though they would not agree to a reduction, withdrew their demand for an increase.

The masters insisted and the mills were closed. Now it is all to be settled by an Inquiry, and people are wondering why this very sensible settlement could not have been adopted at first instead of last.

THINGS SAID

My faith is not your faith, but truth is a jewel with many facets.

Maharajah of Patiala

I have never sought popularity; I always thought it base to run after it.

The Kaiser

The faith of pedestrians and cyclists in motorists is one of the most amazing things in the world.

A London Magistrate

Better a single flower on the breakfast-table than a hundred wreaths on the bier.

Lady Buckmaster

The reconciliation of the Maori to British rule is one of the finest trophies of British civilisation.

Lord Burnham

Any part of London not rebuilt within thirty years is out of date. We are not housing ourselves economically.

Mr. G. J. Lake

Our ideal is a nation of airmen. It is up to you to help towards weaning the aeroplane away from war and making it a powerful agent for peace.

Sir Philip Sassoon

We want to show that the Germans are good sportsmen, and we want our boys to pick up the English spirit of Let the best man win.

One of the German motor-cycling team

I believe that all nations, except the English-speaking nations and Venezuela, have considered that their theatres are a most important part of national education.

Mr. W. B. Yeats

The working people of the North country have always been the supporters of the best literary movements, which in cultured London are too often taken up as fads and speedily dropped.

Sir Edmund Gosse

A JOLLY IDEA FOR SCHOOLS

Travelling Classes LET BRIGHT SCHOLARS SEE THE WORLD

The children of England are to be asked to help to draw closer the bonds of interest and affection between the Dominions and the Mother Country. We are sure they will make earnest missionaries of goodwill.

Lord Clarendon, who is at the head of the new Overseas Settlement Department of the Dominion Office, has asked that the Mayors of England should start movements in their towns for sending parties of school children for a term to one or other of the Dominions, each under the charge of a teacher.

In this way the children who must some day be responsible for our Commonwealth of Nations would get to know and understand each other and impart their knowledge and enthusiasm to their friends at home. And what a splendid experience it would be! The Overseas Settlement Council of the Church of England offers to help in the arrangements, and to give introductions in the Dominions. We hope our Mayors will get busy!

HOW A TRAIN WAS HELD UP

A Comedy on the Southern Railway

An engine-driver who had lost a stick the other day had to hold up a train full of passengers for hours while a search was being made for it.

In various parts of the country small branch lines without enough traffic for a double track have only one line, except at the stations where the trains pass each other. To make sure against collisions the drivers have to carry backwards and forwards with them a staff belonging to the particular section, and as each section has only one of these staves whoever has it with him knows that there is no other train on that stretch of line.

Between Guildford and Horsham, on the Southern Railway, there is only a single line from Christ's Hospital to Baynard. Travelling on this line the other day, a driver at Rudgwick found he had lost the staff for the line. When they heard of it the whole station staff turned out to look for it, up and down the line, backwards and forwards, examining every inch. But the staff was not found, and the train had to take the risk of going on without it, with such of the disgusted passengers as had not found some other way of getting on meanwhile.

There are so many sad things on the Southern Railway that a comedy is a little relief; but we may hope some other way will be found of keeping these staves in future.

BRITAIN TURNING TO GRASS

Big Farm Problem

A big question before the nation is how to increase our production of food, for the latest census of the farms shows that less corn is being grown and more land turned to grass.

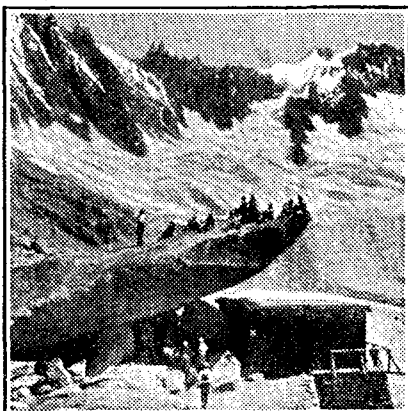
Cultivated land is nearly a quarter of a million acres less than last year, and the area sown with wheat is the lowest for 21 years. Indeed, all the big food crops show a decrease, though it is pleasing to see that the amount of sugar beet grown is double last year's figures.

Another good point is that the number of dairy cattle are increasing, and so are sheep. On the other hand, fewer pigs are being bred, and the number of horses is steadily going down.

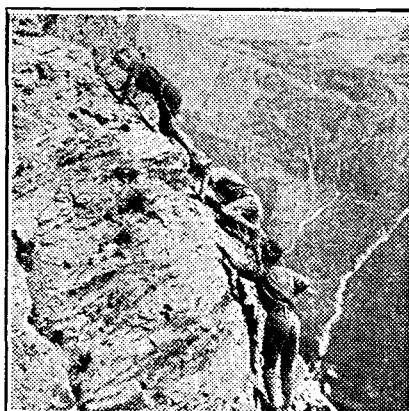
BRITISH BOYS CONQUER MONT BLANC



Edinburgh schoolboys on the summit of the Aiguille d'Argentière



The Scottish schoolboys enjoy a rest near Mont Blanc



A party of English Boy Scouts climbing the Breithorn



The Edinburgh boys photographed on top of Mont Blanc

Several parties of British Boy Scouts and schoolboys have been spending their holidays in the Alps, and these pictures show the party from Fettes College, Edinburgh, on Mont Blanc, which they conquered, and London Boy Scouts climbing the Breithorn, on the top of which they were caught in a fierce blizzard

THE FRIENDLY CATHEDRAL

CANTERBURY MAKES A DISCOVERY

Welcoming the People to Their Great Places

CROWDS NEVER KNOWN BEFORE

There is very good news from Canterbury. We do not suppose that its oldest verger has ever seen so many people flocking to the cathedral.

We are the most travelled people in Europe. We love to see the great sights of the world; we walk till we are tired through the Vatican and the Louvre and the Uffizi Palace. But as a rule we travel abroad and not at home, and few of us visit our cathedrals.

But evidently it is going to be very different now. Canterbury has found out how to get the people there. It has made the great discovery that if you throw the door wide open and ask our people to come and see their noble places, especially if you make them feel like friends, our people will pour in.

The Open Door

What has actually happened at Canterbury is that, instead of charging for this and that, instead of set times and set prices, the whole cathedral has been thrown open free. It is not even closed on Sunday, as it used to be.

But something even more than that has happened. We have always wished that these wonderful possessions of ours might be introduced and explained to the people with a little more imagination than is usually found inside them. In most cathedrals there is somebody who knows and loves every stone, and every piece of roof and iron. There is such a man at Rochester, and Winchester has a verger who loves that sacred place as a mother loves her child. But to the traveller who comes alone, with the bad luck not to meet these dreamers, a cathedral is too often like a sealed box or an unopened book.

The Lady with Two Husbands

No more is it so at Canterbury, for there are everywhere on the walls and at the tombs, and at the entrance to the chapels, neat and plainly-written cards to tell us what we want to know. They do not tell us, we believe, that the two red pillars behind the choir came from Carthage, so that Hannibal may have seen them; but they do tell us that Stephen Langton, who made King John sign Magna Carta, was pushed half through the cathedral wall so that a loving lady who had two husbands might lie between them in the Warrior's Chapel. These cards are an excellent beginning, and we hope they will grow until every tomb and point of interest is clearly explained for all.

Ten Thousand People a Day

It is good to know that, although the cathedral is now free, the response of the public is likely to be more generous than ever. There is something not to be resisted in the silent appeals that we come upon here and there, and we feel, as we move about in this great place, that to drop half-a-crown in a box, or even a sixpence, is as natural as to put it in a money-box at home, for this place is ours, the matchless Mother Church of Little Treasure Island. We love it more and more now that it is so friendly, now that we can go through it so easily and understand it so well. We were there in a week when ten thousand people were visiting it every day, and we could not help feeling that the stones of Canterbury have a message for us all in days like these, and that they are speaking to us if we will but listen.

The C.N. sends its greeting to the Dean, and to all who have the love of Canterbury in their hearts; and especially to those who are making it so rare and sweet a place just now.

HOBBS LETS THEM KNOW AT HOME

Something Done at Last THE CRICKET TRIUMPH OF OUR TIME

When Hobbs made his famous hundred on that never-to-be-forgotten day at Taunton, and so became the greatest batsman in the cricket of our time, those who were not watching the board for the magic figure, or throwing their hats into the air, might have seen the batsman quietly raise his arm.

It was a pre-arranged signal between himself and the groundsmen, and it meant "You can send that telegram."

The groundsmen sped off on his pleasant duty, and Hobbs surrendered himself to the tyranny of his friends. While the cricket ground had become one heaving mass of excitement, one vast sea roaring on to a shingly beach, the wires were humming with a private message.

England's batsman wanted them to know at home first. He knew the reporters would be falling over each other to get their news through, and there was one message that had to be sent first.

It was to Hobbs's own family and it just said, *Got it at last.*

Schoolboys will well understand this action on the part of their hero. They know what it is to have won a hardy contested honour and be able to swagger



Prebendary Carlile and his sister raising the flag at Domremy. See page One

for five minutes without danger of getting punched for it; but they know that nothing comes up to the secret joy of being able to brag a bit at home.

Big or little, just winning our first prize or touching the highest point of achievement in whatever work we may have set ourselves to, we want to wire home *Got it at last.*

And the mothers and fathers, the wives and sisters of England, will think of what it must have felt like, reading the flimsy slip of paper that bore Hobbs's message to his wife staying at the seaside. The younger generation would probably rush off somewhere to stand on their heads in their separate ways; but to the older ones, sitting quietly apart, overwhelmed with an immense pride, would come little memories of a small boy and his first bat.

WHERE ARE THE FISHES?

NOT ENOUGH ON THE SOUTH COAST

Folkestone Fishermen and Their Sad Plight

A BETTER TIME IN SCOTLAND

Fishermen on the South Coast are complaining bitterly of bad catches, and blaming oil for their misfortunes.

But the Ministry of Agriculture has been experimenting and has come to the conclusion that, if anything, the fish seem to like oil.

Their solution of the puzzle is that the fish have simply gone away, possibly through lack of food. Experience on the coast of Cornwall, where pilchards and mackerel are caught in great numbers, seems to show that fish are capricious creatures, leaving their accustomed gathering-places for no particular reason. At all events, while the catches of the Folkestone fishermen have fallen heavily in the past few years, reports from Brittany show record catches.

Are They Taking a Holiday?

It may be that the Channel is overfished on our side, or that something has happened to interfere with the normal food supply for the fishes in our waters. On the other hand it may be that Father and Mother Fish have decided to take their holidays in another part of the sea, or even to find some other permanent home.

But these reflections, however satisfactory they may be to naturalists, are small comfort to the weather-beaten fishermen of Folkestone.

We must therefore comfort ourselves with the news from Scotland that the distress among the fisherfolk there, which was at its height in 1923, when the fishermen were all in debt and their tackle had become useless from idleness, is now over, and that, despite a disappointing winter, the summer fishing has been the best since the war.

HIDING FROM LIONS

Akim and His Wonderful Walk ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN D.C.M.

A new and adventurous spirit in Johannesburg is Quartermaster-Sergeant Akim, who wears the African D.C.M. and the Victory Medal.

Akim is a native policeman, and he has a record of which many white men might be proud. He served nearly six years with the King's African Rifles, distinguishing himself notably in German East Africa. Then he returned to his home in Nyasaland to become a local constable, but soon found the work there too humdrum for his taste.

So what he did was simply to pack up and walk to Johannesburg, 1,400 miles away, where good work and wages are always to be found. A tramp of three months across the veldt brings many adventures, and Akim seems to have experienced his share. Near Blantyre he had to go for two days without food because all the stores of the natives had been washed away by floods, so that they could give him nothing. He had to walk for seven hours at a stretch through flood waters.

Then, near Umtali, in Mashonaland, he had an adventure with lions. The big beasts came down the track, and Akim crept under a huge boulder. When the lions sniffed, Akim trembled, but soon they passed on, and two hours later he crawled from his hiding place.

All's well that ends well, and now Akim is safe in Johannesburg with a long and prosperous career before him, we hope. Even in South Africa he has accomplished a notable trek.

BLUEBEARD'S KITCHEN

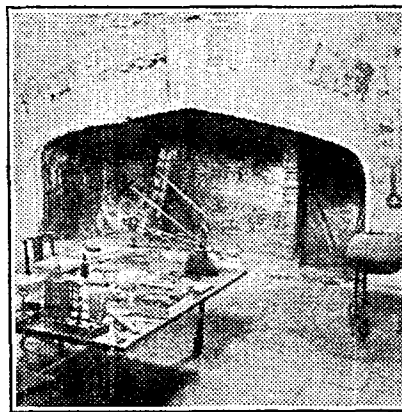
New Sight at Hampton Court

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND HIS BANQUETS

England has been given another kitchen, and is very pleased. We are used to additions to monuments and objects of art, but it is not often the nation is given anything so pleasant as a kitchen.

The kitchen is an important place in any house. In some happy little homes we know it is the chief apartment. More than one man who has made the world ring with his name has nursed his first dreams of greatness with his feet on the kitchen fender.

Generally speaking, the bigger the place the less interesting becomes the kitchen. When you have enormous ranges and frying pans to hold bacon for a college, you cannot have that delightful snugness, shining knobs all over the fireplace, a chintz-covered big rocking chair,



The Tudor Kitchen at Hampton Court

and a dresser with plates and hanging cups that nod and say, *How do you do?*

But this new kitchen is a king's kitchen, very old and very interesting, and is in Hampton Court Palace. It has been there all the time, ever since our Bluebeard King had a way of ordering special banquets in honour of the ladies who had been given the dangerous privilege of his hand; but we have not been able to see it.

It is quite easy to learn from this kitchen that in Tudor times nobody thought anything of a pound of chops. The side fireplace could roast an ox, sheep, deer, or pig whole.

Now we can see this wondrous place where there were prepared the feasts with which Henry honoured the wives whose heads he was to cut off when their time came.

An Ambassador's Week-End

The head cook was not content with a white starched hat. He wore velvet and a gold chain, and his orders thundered through the place, sending scores of servants flying. The lord of the kitchen must have had some responsibilities in Cardinal Wolsey's day, for the prelate had three hundred beds, ran a staff of five hundred servants, and thought nothing of entertaining scores of people at a time. On one occasion he played host to the French king's ambassador and his suite of four hundred gentlemen and servants, for a week-end.

There is an interesting memory of the Cardinal in some skeletons of birds and small animals which are hanging on the kitchen wall. Somehow they were left in the game larder and bricked up.

The kitchen is entered through the serving hall which led to the dining hall. Thousands of people have been to see it in the last few weeks.

THREE GRACIOUS WOMEN

FROM THE HOMES OF FAMOUS MEN

The Daughters of Charles Kingsley and Mr. Gladstone

MAN WHO GREW GREAT OUT OF SLAVERY

Three women whose names were renowned in their generation, and won the love and admiration of their time, have lately died within a week.

The first was Miss Rose Kingsley, the eldest daughter of Charles Kingsley. The second was Miss Helen Gladstone, the youngest daughter of Mr. Gladstone. The third was Mrs. Booker Washington who, when she was a young and clever student, married Booker Washington, who was the greatest son of the Negro race in America.

Each of these three links the Twentieth Century to the liberal ideas and the great ideals which were the most valuable legacy that the Nineteenth Century had to leave for those who inherited what it thought and said and did.

Great Victorians

Miss Rose Kingsley, who grew up in grace and beauty in her father's home, was the pupil as well as the daughter of a man who had the strength and virility of the great Victorians, and who loved England not because of its faults, but in spite of them, a man strong for truth and inflexible in telling it.

Miss Helen Gladstone's name alone suffices to recall the power, the energy, the passion for right and equal treatment of all people (and of all peoples) which inspired the Liberalism of her father, and those who thought with him. None, not even those who differed from him in politics, has denied him his unchallengeable place among the great Victorians, and Miss Helen Gladstone by her lifelong work among the girl undergraduates of Newnham College, Cambridge, and still more by her work among the poor as warden of the Women's University Settlement at Southwark, showed herself to be her father's daughter. That in every sense she was proud to be, and it was not the least of the fine qualities she had that she has been called the warmest-hearted and most unforgetting of friends.

Making a Future for Negroes

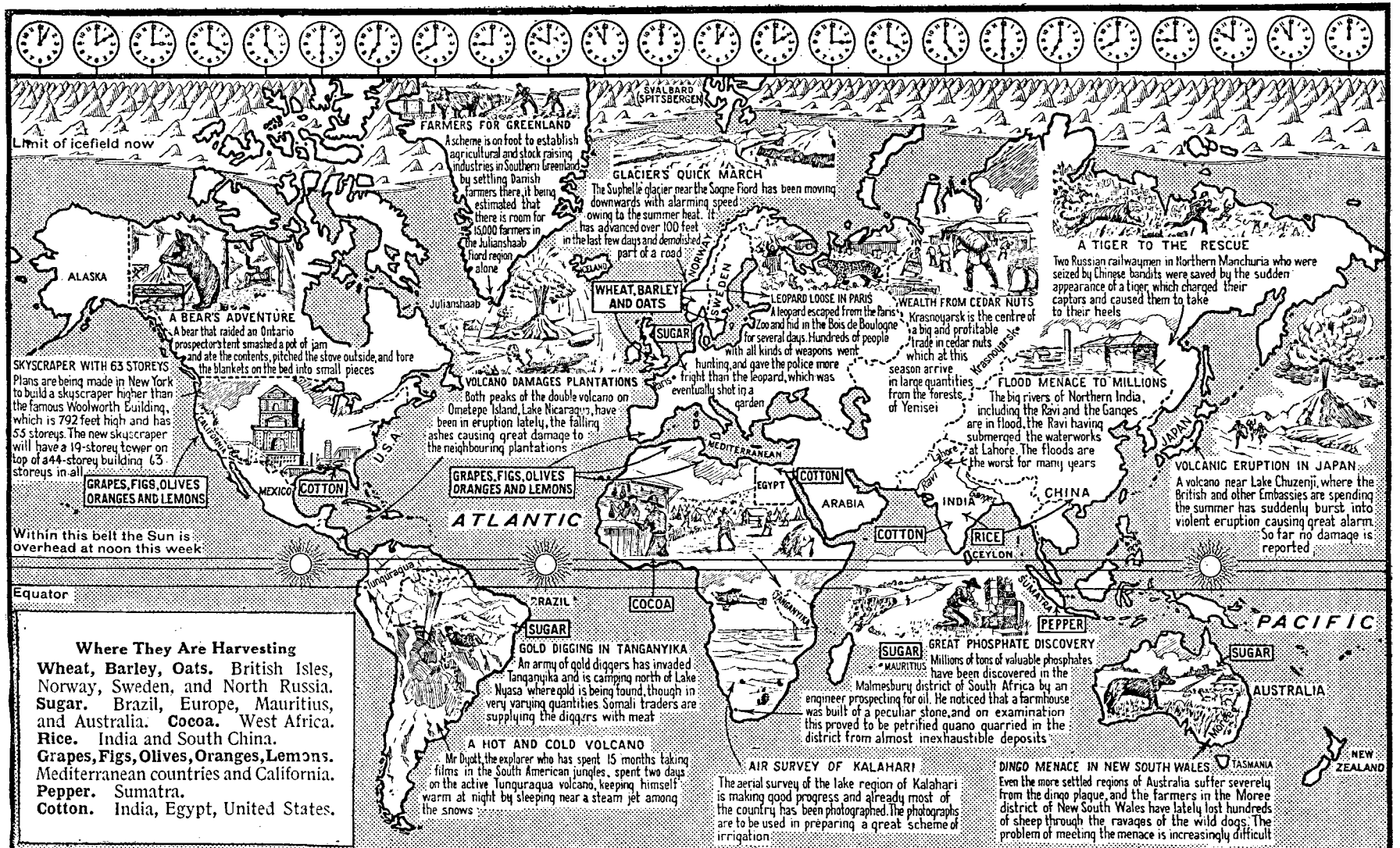
How wide a gulf seems at first to separate these two gently-nurtured Englishwomen from the girl student who married Booker Washington, the famous man who was born a slave, and lived to win high honour in the world. But the gulf was not so wide, after all.

She and her husband recognised that the future of their race in America and everywhere rested on the ability of the Negro to bring himself to a point where educationally, industrially, and morally he was on a level with the white man. She herself, as Miss Margaret Murray, had been educated at Fisk University. She taught English and became Principal at the Tuskegee Negro Institute which her future husband had founded, and both of them strove with all their power to raise the status of Negro women.

Honoured in Europe

In one peculiar way the Booker Washingtons belong more to the Nineteenth Century than to this one because the people of that day so sympathised with their hopes and aspirations. When Mrs. Booker Washington came with her husband to Europe they were called on by the Ambassadors in London and Paris. They met the daughters of John Bright and Richard Cobden. The Duke of Westminster and the American Ambassador took the chair at Booker Washington's meeting. Mark Twain and H. M. Stanley were among their friends. They saw the Queen at Windsor, and that was the proudest of their recollections.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



KING OF WA-KIKUYU Yorkshire Boy Among the Savages

There was born in Hull 78 years ago a boy named John Boyes, who wanted to see the dark places of Africa and ran away to sea to get to them.

That was in the days when the middle of Africa was almost a blank on the map, with an evil reputation, but somehow young Boyes managed to work his way into the wild East African region of Kikuyu, where only two white men had been before. The Government had sent out parties, but the natives had massacred them all.

Young Boyes, however, persuaded the natives that it was impossible to kill him. He made good use of some effervescing salts, which the savages took to be boiling water, imagining that he could drink boiling water because he was lined with iron. A chiming clock and a phonograph also proved very useful, and before long Boyes was made king of Wa-Kikuyu.

Of course, times have changed since then and some of the native chiefs now drive about in motor-cars, but for years Mr. Boyes has retained his position as the White King of Wa-Kikuyu, linking the tribes into a kind of brotherhood. The world heard about his romantic story when he came to England 14 years ago, and now he is home once more.

THE TRAIN TELEPHONE Germany Goes Ahead

A remarkable development of wireless which is much too slow in coming in this country, has been adopted on the Hamburg to Berlin railway, and is to be introduced on all important German lines.

Apparatus has been installed by which passengers can ring up telephone subscribers through any of the telephone exchanges and can themselves receive calls. More wonderful still, passengers will be able to communicate from one train to another while both are travelling.

THRILLING SCENE ON A TOWER The Flag and the Steeplejack

Anyone who has been to Colchester will know the town hall, with its fine tower two hundred feet high.

Colchester, which was an old fortress of the Romans, claims (as York does!) to have been the birthplace of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. Her statue in bronze, standing twelve feet high on top of the Town Hall tower, has been in some danger of late owing to the fastenings becoming loose, and a London steeplejack, Mr. Larkin, was called in to put the matter right.

Steeplejacks are hardy fellows, and no doubt Mr. Larkin thought nothing of climbing up to St. Helena, but, just when he was twenty feet below the statue, he encountered a quite unexpected peril. A big flag hanging from a window was caught by a gust of wind and wound itself round the steeplejack's legs, taking him completely unawares.

Luckily he managed to grasp one of the bronze ravens which decorate the tower, and so prevented himself from falling. It was one of the narrowest escapes he has had.

ON THE DOVER ROAD A Sheep Holds Up the Traffic

Sheep are obstinate and stupid creatures, and can cause a great deal of trouble at times.

On the main road between Deal and Dover the other day a whole string of traffic was held up by one of them which refused to move from the middle of the road. Passengers in a charabanc got down and tried to drive it away, but in vain.

At last it was decided to try to lift it bodily, but the sheep was too crafty to be caught. It remained undefeated till a party of soldiers came up and managed to carry it into a field.

SCOUTS AND SMUGGLERS A Good Deed on a Glacier

The London Rover Scouts in the Alps who climbed the Breithorn a week or two ago, have had another thrilling adventure.

While on the Chateau des Dames, near Valouranche, they were confronted by a glacier, full of gaping crevasses. As darkness had set in, it would have been folly to try to cross it, so they had to spend the night where they were, at the great height of 11,000 feet. They passed the time and kept themselves awake by singing.

Next morning the way down looked as difficult and perilous as ever, but, as luck would have it, two frontier smugglers arrived to help the lads out of their fix. They showed them the way down an almost sheer rock face into the valley, and after a short rest the Scouts moved off again to find new mountains to conquer. It was the smugglers' good deed, and the Scouts were grateful.

A GREAT CLIMB AT 70 Up an Alpine Peak

Something new in the history of mountaineering has been accomplished by a Miss Whetton, an English resident of Grindelwald, who is seventy years old.

The other day Miss Whetton created a new Alpine record by climbing the lofty Wetterhorn from its northern base, a feat no woman has achieved before, though many have tried. The Wetterhorn is an imposing mountain rising more than 12,000 feet above Grindelwald, and is one of the most precipitous of the Alps.

It is not so much the actual climbing that is so formidable in mountaineering but the immense fatigue of a long ascent, and that is why Miss Whetton's plucky climb is so remarkable. Her party took nine hours to reach the top.

KEEPING ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL Law Against the Spoilers of the Countryside LET IT BE KEPT

Do our people really love the beauty of our countryside? If they do, they have an opportunity now to show it.

Eighteen years ago an Act was passed to prevent advertisements from being put up where they would disfigure a landscape, but the lawyers proceeded to define what a landscape was in such a way as to make the Act of very little use.

Now, at last, a new Act has been passed, thanks to the energy of Lord Newton and the Scapa Society, and each county or borough council can make a by-law saying that nowhere in its area may an advertisement be exhibited which disfigures "the view of rural scenery from a highway or railway or from any public place or water," or spoils the appearance of villages or historic buildings. That should provide for every case, and it remains now for us all to try to get our local councils to make the by-laws and see that they are carried out.

The C.N. gave an account a few months ago of one of the most important prosecutions which took place under the old Act—that in relation to huge advertisements on the Downs near Brighton. The advertisements were removed, but the huge pieces of concrete on which they had been painted remained, as the Act said nothing about these! Happily, as the new Bill was before Parliament at the time, it was possible to put in a clause enabling the magistrates to order the removal of any structure erected or intended for advertisement purposes.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aleppo Ah-lep-po
Bayreuth By-roit
Pegasus Peg-ah-sus

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 5 1925

Bad News for Croakers

In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death, and Isaiah came to him and said, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.

Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed, saying, I beseech thee, O Lord, remember now how I have walked before thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in thy sight. And Hezekiah wept sore.

And the word of the Lord came to him, saying, I have heard thy prayer; I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee. I will add unto thy days fifteen years.

WE have always liked the page in the Bible which tells us that the good king Hezekiah lived another fifteen years. Fifteen years of life is a wondrous thing, and it was given to that good king who made a conduit and brought water to Jerusalem before he slept with his fathers.

But today there is greater news, for fifteen years of life has been given to a nation. Our expectation of life has been raised in our generation from forty to fifty-five years. *The promise made to Hezekiah has been fulfilled for the British people.*

Let those who think the world is no better think of that. It is one of the miracles of knowledge that are changing the world from day to day so that a man can hardly believe it is the world in which he spent his boyhood.

Long before the C.N. was born we used to write about the way drink and slums and ignorance killed a mighty host of children every year. Every year in those days a million babies were born in the United Kingdom, and a hundred thousand of them died.

Amid all the glory and power of these islands we allowed ignorance to walk abroad, cutting down the lives of children as a knife cuts chaff.

That is what was happening in this country not very long ago. Now the black spots where children died like flies are passing like a cloud. We are making the world safe for little babies. Science and humanity have marched hand in hand, conquering everywhere.

In the next twelve months there will die in this country as many people as there are in Rome. But if there had been no health crusade for fifty years a dead Birmingham would be added to a dead Rome.

We are saving from death every year a multitude equal to all Birmingham, and in fifty years we have saved as many lives as there are white people in all our Empire overseas.

We think it is worth while to put a fact like that into every home to which the C.N. goes. It is something to have given the hope of fifteen years more life to every child born in these islands. It is bad news for the croakers, but it is good news for those who love to be alive. Science has added to our days fifteen years; it is long enough, if we will use it well and love each other, to make this land a Paradise. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Old Actor's Legacy

THEY were speaking of actors, and somebody said it was an improvident profession, saving very little for a rainy day.

And then an old man began to tell us of a great actor he knew, dead and forgotten now, but famous years ago. "He was so kind," he said, "that he never had the heart to dismiss anyone who had acted for him. When they grew old he would find them something to do, and pay them for work that was not wanted. It is true he died a poor man. But if love and gratitude were coin of the realm he would have been a millionaire."

Perhaps the improvident profession lays up a treasure of its own, after all.

What Makes Us Love the Sea?

TWO of our writers have been thinking about the sea and its charm.

"The wise men of very long ago," says Mr. Hilaire Belloc, "have said that out of salt water all things came. There, on the sea, man is nearest to his own making. The sea is our consoler, the companion and receiver of men."

"It has moods for them to fill the storehouse of the mind, perils to try them, and calms for meditation. The sea provides visions, darkneses, and revelations."

On the other hand, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson says it is not the sea itself that draws and fascinates us, but rather the light above it, the wonder of light without bounds!

We see that there is wide freedom in the world after all, and we must make up our own minds.

The Garden as Ambassador

FLOWERS have been Love's messengers since the beginning of time, and once, as we know, roses became warriors, and took part in a Civil War.

But today they are playing a new part. They are ambassadors between two great nations.

That most excellent institution the English-Speaking Union, joining with the Garden Club of America, has organised a list of members who will welcome flower lovers from the other side to their gardens. Host and guest, perfect strangers at first, will walk among the ancient yew-arbours of England, or stand by some lily pool in America, discussing, not war debts, but the bother of making rhododendrons grow in chalky soil.

An Entente Cordiale of Gardeners! Could anything be more charming? The poet has told us that a garden is the veriest school of peace, and perhaps his word may come true in an even wider sense.

Great Hearts are Glad

Great hearts are glad when it is time to give.

War Memorial inscription at Woolton

24 Lost Syllables

THE world is getting on. We remember that one of the first sentences we ever learned by heart was the little piece of light literature on the luggage rack of a railway carriage, which comes to us across all these years of trouble and triumph:

The use of this rack for heavy and bulky packages involves risk of injury to passengers, and is prohibited.

The world has speeded up since then, and we have no time for warnings of thirty-one syllables. The other day we found them reduced to seven:

For light articles only.

Which saves paint and time and money and says just the same thing.

Tip-Cat

A CANADIAN has invented a house that can be "picked up." Good news for all who have tried in vain to pick one up over here.

STORKS are dying out. But not for a long time, for even their last legs are not short ones.

A DAILY paper says a certain peer always has something up his

sleeve. The result of possessing a coat of arms.

AGE looks backwards through rose-coloured spectacles. But it does not see red.

SOME people, according to a speaker,

only think with one side of their heads. Even the cleverest only think with the inside.

IT is foolish to set youth and age by the ears. The proper way is to set them by the years.

A CORRESPONDENT, going over a sealing wax factory, was much struck with the way the men were wheeling sacks of sealing wax.

The Boar in the Bush

IT is queer how a phrase can live on long after it has any meaning.

For instance, in the New Forest people still speak of a din as being "like a boar in a holme bush." No doubt a great, grunting, fierce animal like that *would* make a considerable noise under the rattling leaves of the hollies, but all the boars in the New Forest were killed off in the Civil Wars. Neither the people who use the phrase, nor their fathers, grandfathers, or great-grandfathers, ever heard a boar in a holme bush!

In three hundred years perhaps they will still say of one who hurries that "he came like an express train," although no one will have seen such a thing.

To Every English Girl

A well-known American poet, Elizabeth Lincoln Otis, has written these fine lines, with apologies to Mr. Kipling.

IF you can dress to make yourself attractive,

Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;

If you can swim and row, be strong and active,

But of the gentler graces lose not sight;

If you can dance without a craze for dancing,

Play without giving play too strong a hold,

Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,

Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;

IF you can master French and Greek and Latin,

And not acquire as well a priggish mien;

If you can feel the touch of silk and satin

Without despising calico and jean;

If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,

Can do a man's work when the need occurs,

Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,

Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;

IF you can make good bread as well as fudges,

Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust;

If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,

A girl whom all will love because they must;

IF sometime you should meet and love another,

And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,

And you its soul, a loyal wife and mother,

You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind

The plan that's been developed through the ages,

And win the best that life can have in store,

You'll be, my girl, a model for the sages,

A woman whom the world will bow before.

I Dimly Guess

I dimly guess from blessings known Of greater out of sight,

And, with the chastened Psalmist, own His judgments too are right.

And so beside the silent sea I wait the muffled oar;

No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift Their fringed palms in air;

I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care. Whittier

Charles Kingsley's Last Prayer

Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts. Shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour. Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from Thee.

DOSTOIEVSKI

A MEMORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO New Story of an Old Russian Novelist

WILL IT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING?

The man who first remarked that truth is stranger than fiction would have liked to see our newsbag today. It contains one report about some newly-found manuscripts by Dostoevski, the great Russian author, which sounds like the beginning of an adventure story, and another report about Dostoevski's unhappy daughter which appeals to us in a different way.

Dostoevski was born in Moscow just over a hundred years ago. He was an engineer who took to writing books which revealed far more than the authorities liked of the state of peasant life in Russia. He became a suspect, and in 1849 was condemned to death for his share in a revolutionary plot. When he was actually on the scaffold a reprieve came. The death sentence was altered to penal servitude in Siberia.

The Keys of the Safe

After four years' imprisonment and a spell of exile, Dostoevski was allowed to return home, and he began writing again. He was impeded by his own weak health, preyed upon by a number of poor relatives, and continually worried by the debts of a brother whose troubles this good brave man had taken upon himself. He nevertheless became one of the most magnificent writers of the day, and before he died, in 1881, had added at least two to the world's store of great books.

Now comes the story in our newsbag reported from Prague. It tells us that in his later years Dostoevski hid away a number of unpublished manuscripts. No one knew anything about them except his wife, but after his death she disappeared, went to live somewhere in the Caucasus and took the keys of the safes.

A Thrilling Discovery

Now it appears that the manuscripts have been found. One day a man who had come in contact with a family living in the Caucasus asked his new friends a great favour. He wanted them to store a box for him until he called for it. The family knew nothing about him, but they consented to store the box.

Months rolled by, and no one came. The people naturally wondered what to do. When it seemed to them that a sufficient time had elapsed they opened the box, and there were the missing Dostoevski manuscripts! We are told the box contained about twenty works by the great author, a mass of letters, and the precious diary Dostoevski kept until he was close on death.

The other report in our newsbag makes us feel both sad and hopeful. It concerns Mademoiselle Aimée Dostoevski, the only surviving member of the family.

Our Debt to the Great Writer

Although Dostoevski's books are translated freely and sold all over Europe and America, his daughter has long been in poverty.

About two years ago a few friends started a small fund to help the author's penniless daughter. From this she received just enough to live on, but now, after being very ill and having treatment in a clinique in Nice, she is still weak and suffering and requiring more help. The little capital has been drawn on and is exhausted.

This is particularly hard in the case of the daughter of a man who gave help so freely during his lifetime, and it is hoped that if anything comes from the reported discovery, Mademoiselle Dostoevski will have the benefit of it.

A LITTLE PEACH IN A BIRD'S NEST GREW

A Frenchman, M. Fleury, tells this story of an extraordinary thing that has occurred in his garden.

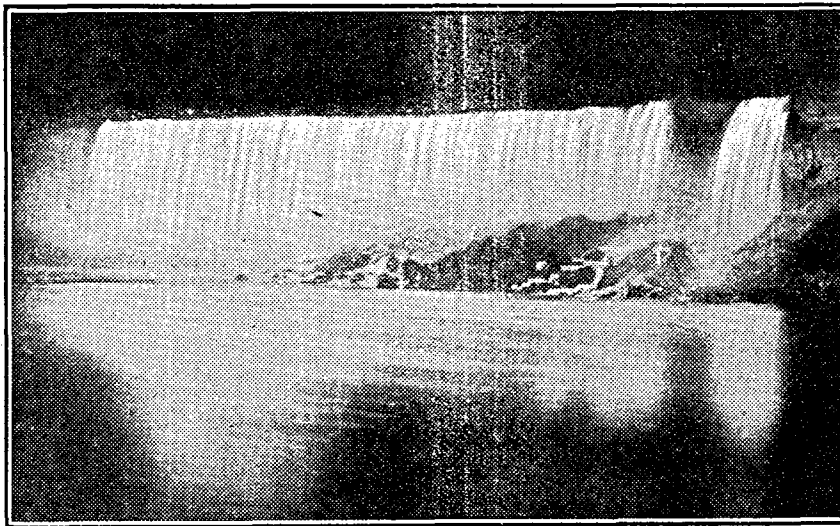
A MONTH ago I was having a look at my peach trees when I saw a mother chaffinch flying out of them. I neared the spot. A little nest, a masterpiece of work, hung on a twig two yards from the ground, and held three eggs. Very interested, I did not fail to pass there again every day, taking care not to scare the young mother whose restless head showed out of the cosy place. One morning I observed two chaffinches going in and out; it was the father and mother, and their little ones were born.

A few days passed, then, having approached the tree again, I was puzzled at the sight of a green ball occupying a

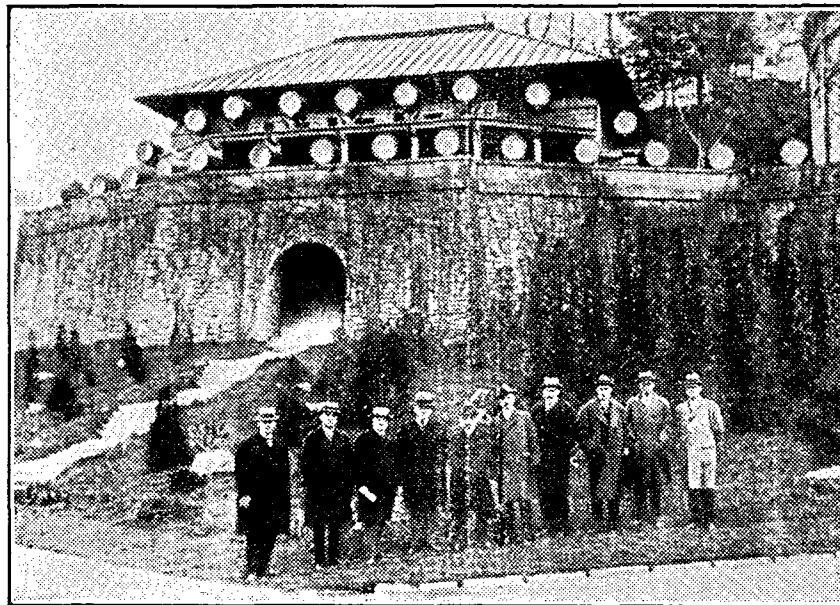
great part of the little nest. I drew nearer still. The green ball was a peach rolled up in the moss and horse-hair, a peach which had become bigger and bigger, and now took to itself almost two-thirds of the tiny dwelling.

The peach grew on and on till it became three times as big as the other fruits of the same tree, and it pushed the unfortunate young guests to the edge of their nest—a circumstance which, however, delayed neither their evolution nor the date of their first flight. But I think it very interesting to point out the amazing growth of this peach, which was certainly due to the presence of the mother bird, who gave out warmth during the brooding time and saved the peach from the coolness of the night.

LIGHTING UP NIAGARA



The Falls as they appear when illuminated at night



The battery of powerful searchlights which shine on the Falls

Niagara Falls are now lighted up at night, a battery of powerful searchlights, which together equal 1320 million candle-power, shining on the waters so that on a clear night they can be seen from 100 miles away

THE CRUELTY CALLED SPORT

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, the well-known naturalist and director of the New York Zoo, is doing his utmost, though we fear with something like despair, to stop the destruction of the aquatic bird life of the United States. He declares that the wild ducks, wild geese, and other game birds of the continent are threatened with extinction.

Strangely, the almost universal ownership of motor-cars is one of the means by which this destruction is being brought about. Shooting birds has become something like a national mania. Between five and six million people are licensed to shoot. Women as well as men join shooting clubs, and

against the migrating aquatic birds a dead set is made. The expanses of water where the birds settle are watched and reported on, and motor-cars bring the so-called sportsmen and sports-women rushing for a hundred miles or more to the slaughter.

Dr. Hornaday points out that if every licensed gunner shot the number of birds his licence allows him to shoot, America's migrating ducks would be exterminated in a single season.

The remedy obviously is to shame people out of this murder called sport, and decent-minded people throughout the world will wish Dr. Hornaday God-speed in his crusade against cruelty.

HOW FEAR KILLED A MAN

AFRAID OF A WASP

The End of a Silly Superstition QUEER BLOOD RELATIONS

By Our Medical Correspondent

A man died not long ago in Wales after being stung by a wasp.

That has been known to happen before and there is nothing very strange about it. But the doctor who attended the man when he was dying declared that he was strong and healthy, and there was nothing in the sting or in the man's bodily state to account for his death. *He had died from fear.*

Fear from a wasp sting sounds incredible, but this man had been stung badly by a wasp fourteen years ago for the second time, and some stupid doctor had told him that a third sting would be fatal. It may only have been a bad joke, or it may have been a doctor's ignorance, but it put the fear of death in the man's mind. Every time a wasp entered his house he was seized with nausea. When one did sting him he was mortally stricken, but it was not the wasp which killed him. The real cause of his death was the man who put that superstition in his mind.

What a Man Can Believe

There is no limit to what the mind can persuade itself to believe. This man in Wales died of an antipathy. Almost as strange a belief is told of a very different kind of man, a brave fellow who submits to transfusion of his blood to save the lives of hospital patients. This man, Frederick Lee, who is attached to the Middlesex Hospital, calls the people to whom he has given his blood his blood relations, and the newspapers have reported him as saying that when his "blood relations" are ill he feels their illness in his own blood and body, *by sympathy.*

He is even said to have been able to tell at a distance when one or other of his blood relations died, knowing by his own feelings the exact hour.

It is queer, but it is not possible to credit such a thing. It is true that the blood which is transfused has to be of a kind that is common both to the giver and receiver if the transfusion is successful, but that is the only known link of blood brethren. If the receivers of blood felt Lee's illness there might be an explanation, but Lee has received no blood from them, and is, in fact, never even in contact with them.

A THEATRE FOR WILLIAM TELL

A Swiss Village and Its Play

The little Swiss village of Altdorf, where William Tell is said to have defied the tyrant Gessler and bequeathed an immortal tale of courage to the world, has had the good fortune to receive the gift of a splendid new theatre, worthy of any important town.

An organisation known as the Tell Society has decided for itself that the old legend of Tell is veritable history, and that the scene of the intrepid bowman's exploit deserves the ennoblement of the arts.

So little Altdorf is to rank with Stratford-on-Avon and Bayreuth, and Schiller's play, based on the story of William Tell, will be performed by the inhabitants of the village every summer before an audience of a thousand visitors.

The performances this year have been brilliantly successful, crowded and enthusiastic, for the Swiss people have been very indignant from time to time at the suggestion that there is no truth in the story of the shooting of the apple off the boy's head. Switzerland will have it that it is all true—and who shall blame them for their pride in such a hero?

WHERE NOAH'S ARK RESTED

CAN THE ARMENIANS REST THERE TOO?

Dr. Nansen's Proposal for a Scattered Race

A LEAGUE LOAN

Dr. Nansen has returned from his visit to what is known as Soviet Armenia, where he has been at the head of a Commission of the League of Nations, to make inquiries on the spot as to the possibility of settling eleven thousand Armenian refugees now in Greece.

These refugees, who escaped from the massacres in Asia Minor, have no home at all, and no one to whom they can look for help except the League of Nations. They even get their passports from the League. Can room be found for them among their kindred?

Soviet Armenia is a little country of mountains and high plateaus which is being made to yield corn and cotton under industrious hands. Its capital is Erivan, and within its boundaries lie the great twin peaks of Ararat.

London's Fund

It will be interesting indeed if this much-tried race can be settled at last in this region; an Ark for the Armenians would be well-placed on the resting-place of Noah's Ark.

But whether the country can support a large influx of new colonists, and whether the newcomers would settle down under the Bolsheviks, is another question. There are more orphans in Armenia than in any other State of its size. Some of them are in Russian homes, many are in a great American home, and there is another large orphanage in Erivan which is supported by our own Lord Mayor's Fund.

It was in 1915 that the Lord Mayor of London started a fund for the relief of these refugees, and the Fund has been working for ten years to alleviate distress, especially among orphans.

Is Armenia Overcrowded?

Now the idea is to make a final settlement of the scattered Armenian race by settling as many as possible on suitable land near Mount Ararat. Of the 50,000 Armenian refugees in Greece, 10,000 would be sent to this new home, where already there are over a million Armenians approaching prosperity.

At present there is not much difficulty in placing a boy out when he leaves the home. Give him a spade and bit of land and he will make some sort of a living, for the Armenian is hardworking and skilled in all the handicrafts.

But Dr. Nansen has returned with the conviction that Armenia is already overcrowded, and that it will be difficult to establish the refugees unless more ground is put in cultivation. He is, therefore, proposing an international loan under the League to finance irrigation schemes for 75,000 acres.

Old Clothes

If it is possible it will be interesting to see the remains of the Armenian people settled in the country where the local legend places not only the resting-place of Noah's Ark, but the Garden of Eden itself.

Centuries of oppression have only served to stimulate the Armenians' staying powers, and somehow or another they find the means to keep themselves alive in the direst circumstances. Some of them in Aleppo, where there are still many thousands, have started a new industry by importing old clothes from Europe and America. Nearly three thousand Armenian women are occupied in cleaning and mending, and the clothes are then sent across the border to be sold to the Turks. So perhaps a Turkish boy or girl is wearing today that suit or that old frock which was sold at the back door.

MYSTERY OF A LITTLE STREAM

The Hidden Waters Below Australia

FISHES 2000 FEET UNDER THE EARTH

There is a little river of Central Australia which reminds us strongly of the poem Coleridge composed in his sleep:

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.*

Central Australia has no Kubla Khan and no pleasure-domes; but nothing could better describe the extraordinary Mill Stream than these lines of the poet. The Mill Stream comes up out of the limestone, forms a pool, and then runs for four miles swiftly on the surface, finally plunging into another pool and disappearing. Its position is given as 120 miles north of Roebourne, in West Australia.

An Underground Sea

But the most remarkable thing about this peculiar river is that it is the only stream in the western half of the continent which is not influenced by climatic conditions. The weather may be torrid, and big rivers may have shrunk almost to nothing, but the Mill Stream goes on pouring 40 million gallons of water a day down its four-mile course and back into the sunless sea which doubtless lies under this part of Australia. An expedition has just gone out, in charge of Mr. Lance Le Soeuf, the Melbourne zoologist, to investigate these underground waters, which are, of course, vitally important to Australia.

How interesting the problem is we can imagine from the fact that in Western Queensland fish three inches long have come up from artesian bores 2000 feet below the surface. The presence of these fishes has been an absolute puzzle to science.

A TRAGEDY OF THE ROADSIDE

The Want of Thought

A Yorkshire reader sends us a suggestion which, if attended to, may save much animal suffering caused by want of thought.

While cycling (our reader says) I came to a place where a barrel of tar had burst by the roadside, and in the tar lay a yellow-hammer held as in a vice by legs and wings, while around were seven other dead birds, and several frogs. Some had died in the tar, and others had crawled into the grass and had died there.

Evidently in the sunlight they had mistaken the shining tar for water. With difficulty I extricated the live bird, but as I found it impossible to clean it so that it could fly I put it out of its misery.

It is no unusual sight to see large quantities of tar by the roadside that the birds might mistake for water, but if dust were thrown over it such mistakes would not be made.

OTHER COUNTIES PLEASE COPY

Cheshire Shows Us How to Farm

Farming in Cheshire is very up-to-date, more electricity being used on the farms in that district than in any other part of rural England.

And now the farms are to have more electricity still, as a belt of overhead wire is being placed at a radius of four miles from Chester. Seventy square miles of country and five hundred farms will receive electricity from this belt, the only one of its kind in the country.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

About 135,000 new houses were built in Great Britain last year.

Nearly 7000 British boys have gone to Australia as farm lads in the last five years.

The abandoned homes of white ants have provided the red clay for plastering a mission house in Rhodesia.

London Police Perils

Last year 2289 London policemen were injured while on duty, eighty being bitten by dogs.

40,000 Offences by Motorists

Over 40,000 summonses for motoring offences were issued in London last year, 11,000 more than in 1923.

A Gnat Bite in a Garden

A man at Hoylake has died as the result of being bitten by a gnat while walking by a stagnant pool in his garden.

25,000 Years Old

Two human skulls found in a river running into the Rhine near Vorsten, Germany, are said to be 25,000 years old.

Wind and Waterspout Havoc

A fierce wind and a waterspout have lately caused much damage in the Cambridgeshire fens.

Ninety Years in One House

Miss Marian Osborne, a Derbyshire lady, has just died in the house in which she was born 90 years ago. She never spent a night away from home.

Plucky Scout

A patrol leader belonging to Leicester Boy Scouts camping at Heacham, in Norfolk, gallantly dived into a creek and saved a woman from drowning.

Death of the Dean of Westminster

Dr. Ryle, who gave up his bishopric at Winchester to become Dean of Westminster, has just died in London after a fine career of public service.

A Motor-Car's Fate

Left for a moment by the driver on a pass in Wales, a motor-car fell 150 feet down the mountain side, and was smashed to pieces.

Why We Are Poor

France spends nearly three-quarters and Britain over half of their national expenditure on paying for past wars and preparing for new ones.

Hundreds of Millions of Oranges

This year South Africa will probably export 200 million oranges, and it is expected that in five years she will be exporting a thousand millions.

Guard Our Sunday

Across a stamp issued by the Southend Free Church Council in connection with a Sunday observance campaign are the words, "Guard Our Sunday."

Osaka's Two Millions

By absorbing its suburbs the Japanese city of Osaka has raised its population to two millions, and it is claimed that it is now the fifth city in the world.

A Dog's Love of Home

While holidaying, a Southport man left his fox terrier with friends at Wigan. After four days' wandering the dog was found at its home, 18 miles away.

Germany's Millions

Germany's population has gone up by 3,300,000 since the Armistice, and is now over 62 millions, though she has lost territories containing seven million people.

A Stone from St. Paul's

One of the old stones of St. Paul's, which has been displaced owing to repairs, has been presented to the School of Journalism at Columbia, Missouri, where it is being placed in the hall.

The Water Under London

There is a reservoir of water under London on the London clay, and the flats being built on the site of Devonshire House in Piccadilly are to get their water from it by means of an artesian well bore.

JOHN WESLEY'S CHILDREN

THE BIG FAMILY COMING TOGETHER AGAIN

The Long, Long Trail to Union in the Churches

WHY IT TAKES TIME

We seem to have been hearing for a very long time of the proposal for the reunion of the three chief Churches of Methodism. Why has it taken so long, and how much longer will it be before this great business is finished?

There are three Churches involved, the Wesleyan, the Primitive, and the United. Each is governed by an annual Conference. What has happened so far is that these three Conferences appointed a joint Committee to draw up a scheme of reunion. When that was done each Church called on all the circuits to decide at their quarterly meetings whether they were in favour of union. Those meetings were held last December.

In Favour of Union

And now, at the Conference just held, where the voting at the quarterly meetings was examined, resolutions have been adopted in favour of union. An Act of Parliament will be necessary to deal with the endowments, and so on, and the Wesleyans, at any rate, will have to get the permission of their district Synods at their meetings next May to apply for such an Act.

But even the Act will not unite the Churches; it will only enable them to unite if 75 per cent of each of the three Conferences vote once more in favour. And even then the union will only be national; the actual joining-up in the circuits will be left to the voluntary action of the circuits themselves.

Undoing a Quarrel

What a long time it takes to undo a quarrel! There are not merely the habits and prejudices of people to deal with, but the machinery of the Church organisation, often involving legal questions. All these Methodist Churches were one to begin with. They began to break up about sixty years after the Methodist Church was founded by John Wesley. But reunion began some time ago, for one of the present three, the United Methodist Church, was itself created by the union of three smaller churches in 1907, one of these smaller ones being in turn made up of three more.

In Canada the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Methodists have this year united and become one Church, but at the present rate it will be a long time before anything like that happens here. Yet it will come, and we predict that many C.N. readers will live to see it.

THE MILLIONS

The Money Spent on the People

According to Mr. Guy Ewing, chairman of the Kent Rural Community Council, we spent last year a million pounds a working day on what we call social services out of rates and taxes: a million a day to make life smoother and brighter and happier for our people.

Yet, even so, much more might be done. Mr. Ewing thinks we cannot ask for more from the taxpayer, so he wants people to organise the work in each village through Community Councils. Here are some of the things he would like to do: Provide clubs and playing fields, look after young people who have left school, take care of the blind and of people who have been ill.

It is clear from Mr. Ewing's figures that we have not allowed the high costs and low incomes that have followed the war to get in the way of our "social services." We spent 55 millions on them in 1911 and 262 millions in 1924. Now they are over 300 millions!

FRIEND OF THE STUDENTS TEN MILLION FRANCS FOR THEM

Garden City of Learning Rising in Paris

READY FOR AUTUMN

By Our Paris Correspondent

We announced some weeks ago that an unknown rich man had offered ten million francs for the building of a Garden City for students in Paris.

It is now known that the anonymous benefactor was M. Deutsch de la Meurthe, and great is the excitement caused by the report that the first homes will be ready for the autumn term at the Sorbonne.

There are to be seven buildings, separated by flowering pergolas, surrounding a wide surface of lawns adorned with trees. Sculptured designs of pleasing simplicity lighten the tone of the whole. The seal of the ancient University of Paris is seen at the entrance to the Homes, the victor's laurel wreath is above the doors, and Minerva's owl, perched on the weather-vane, recalls to the four points of the compass the value of knowledge and wisdom. Simplicity, charm, and comfort are the things which come to our mind on a visit to this Garden City.

Too Poor for Armchairs

The 350 rooms that will be ready in November look out on to the lawns. The wallpapers are of great variety; so also are the shades of the woodwork. Each room contains a writing-table, two chairs, a divan, a basin with running water, and plenty of shelves. "Why not an armchair?" remarked someone. "But, my dear sir," was the reply, "350 armchairs at 300 francs each make 105,000 francs, and we are not yet rich enough for that."

There was no lack of criticism, but there was one criticism in particular which the architect, M. Bechmann, had not the heart to refute. "Why in the world have you given us an English style?" he was asked.

A Compliment

"I take that reflection as a compliment and refuse to accept it as a criticism," he replied. "The epoch and the principles from which I have taken my inspiration are essentially French. As we are dealing with a university, look at Cluny, which is just opposite the Sorbonne; look at the old streets of the Marais, and you will find overhanging towers which are the ancestors of those of our own Garden City. All over France, in Normandy, in Touraine, in Gascony, in Alsace, you will find the grandparents of our pavilions."

"The English imported our architecture into their country in the old days; they loved it, understood it, developed it farther than we did ourselves; and they have remained faithful to it, while we have forgotten it. That is why, for so many of us, the style of the Middle Ages is English style."

A Life of Freedom

"If the Deutsch Foundation recalls the spirit of certain Oxford colleges, it is not only because the façades are related through their common origin in the old buildings of France, but also for another reason. Our French colleges are boarding schools. In them we feel ourselves under the rod, in barracks, in an atmosphere of melancholy. Oxford is a University where the students live a life of freedom in comfortable rooms of their own, grouped together in little circles of intimates. At Oxford they breathe an atmosphere of liberty, an atmosphere as of the home."

That is the spirit in which the architect has carried out his plans, and he is pleased to hear it said that his work recalls Oxford. "If my work produces the same impression as Oxford, then I have attained my goal," he proudly says.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE Poland Builds it Up Again

LET THE RIVER FLOW IN PEACE

Over the Vistula which rolls its brown flood from the Carpathians through the length of Poland to Russia, a new bridge has been built.

It spans the river at Warsaw and takes the place of that which crashed in smoking ruin when the Russians blew it up in 1915 in their retreat to delay the German armies which were encircling the capital.

The destruction of the old bridge was the symbol of another blow aimed at the heart of Poland by the three great Powers which had torn her apart and which now fought over her prostrate body; and the new bridge is welcomed as the emblem of the binding up of Poland's wounds, the joining together of the fragments which Germany, Russia, and Austria partitioned and over which they quarrelled for a century and more.

Over the old Vistula bridge the eagles of war have flown; over the new bridge hovers the dove of peace.

The bridge and the river are the life and hope of Poland. About the river the nations have fought, but its waters are to her the sign of prosperity and nourishment. It waters her fields; it carries her produce. Towns and villages have lived (and perished) on its banks. Poets have written about it, and the history of Poland has been written by it. The river and Poland ask no more than to be allowed to flow in peace.

PARLIAMENT'S FLAG

Why it is Smaller on a Windy Day

As most of us know, when Parliament is sitting a Union Jack is flown from the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

But not everyone knows that this flag is not always the same size. Its area is regulated by the force of the wind blowing at the time. No doubt there are people who have fancied that the flag seemed smaller on some days than on others, but they probably attributed this to an optical illusion. The flag, however, does actually vary in size.

The Victoria Tower rises to a height of 336 feet, and it is the largest and loftiest square tower in the world. At such a height the mortality of flags is great, and when the wind is strong a smaller flag than usual is sent up the mast. Yet, in spite of this precaution, so great is the destruction on very windy days that the flag has to be changed two or three times.

The torn and tattered flags are not scrapped, but are repaired by an old sailor who sits in the tower at his work.

THE SWIMMER IN DIFFICULTIES

What He Should Do

There are far too many drowning accidents in these days.

The secretary of the Royal Humane Society, Major Cloughton, says it is because there are certain facts about swimming that swimmers forget or disregard.

People plunge straight into the sea at holiday time directly after a heavy meal, or, what is nearly as bad, without having had a meal at all. They are tired and overdone from their town work, and give themselves no chance to get accustomed to bathing. And, of course, they become ill.

Even good swimmers often forget what they should do in difficulties. They lose their heads and flounder about, exhausting themselves, when they should let themselves float quietly and call for help. Even if a current carries them away from shore floating will give time for rescue, for it can be kept up for hours together.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Where Was George Stephenson Buried?
In Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a tablet marks his last resting-place.

What Does Bulljine Mean in Sailor's Language?

It is a sailor's name for a locomotive, borrowed from the Americans.

How Did the Romans Reckon Their Dates?

All Roman events were reckoned A.U.C., that is Ab urbe condita, or from the building of the city of Rome, which was considered as taking place in 753 B.C.

Are Rooks the Same as Crows?

No; the rook which is far commoner than the crow is the bird known to science as *Corvus frugilegus*, whereas the carrion crow, a resident bird, is *Corvus corone*, and the hooded crow, a migrant, is *Corvus cornix*.

Are all Animals in the London Zoo Tame?

No; not in the sense that domestic animals are tame; that is, there are many animals that it would be dangerous to approach, but, of course, as time goes on many captive animals become more or less tame, and get to be quite friendly with their keepers.

What is the Meaning of Back-Cutting?

This term in civil engineering means earth brought from a place where there is an excess to fill up another place where there is a deficiency. It is also used to describe the place from which the earth is brought and the excavation made in obtaining it.

What is the Name of the Thursday Before Good Friday?

It is called Maundy Thursday, from the Latin mandatum, a command. It was on the Thursday before the Friday of the Crucifixion that Jesus said to his disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another." John xiii, 34.

Which is the Largest Floating Dock in the World?

The one at Southampton, which is 960 feet long, 130 feet wide, 38 feet deep, and has a lifting capacity of 38,000 tons. It will hold the Majestic, the world's biggest ship. The statement published recently in many papers, including the C.N., that the floating dock at Malta is the biggest is incorrect.

What is the Origin of the Expression Davy Jones's Locker?

Jones is a corruption of Jonah, meaning the prophet thrown into the sea; duffy, corrupted into Davy, is a word for ghost, or spirit, among West Indian Negroes; and locker is a seaman's phrase for any receptacle for private stores. The phrase therefore means the place of safe keeping where Jonah went.

Why are Flowers of Different Colours?

The different colours of flowers are due to the varying colour of the cell sap, to the different distribution of the cells containing the coloured sap, and to the different combinations of dissolved colouring matter. The colours are possibly useful in attracting or warning off insects, but why and how plants have developed different colours is not well understood.

What is the Dyarchy?

Dyarchy is a word from the Greek meaning double government, and is at present used to describe the form of government in India where, according to the Government of India Act of 1919, certain functions, known as transferred subjects, are entrusted to the charge of Indian ministers, while others, known as reserved subjects, are administered by the Governor in Council.

Were Dick Turpin and Buffalo Bill Real People?

Yes; Dick Turpin was a notorious highwayman executed in 1739, around whose name much romantic legend has grown up; and Buffalo Bill was Colonel William Frederick Cody, born in 1845, who became a famous American Government scout, a member of the Nebraska legislature, and afterwards organised a Wild West show with which he came to England.

What is the F in the Classification of Photographic Lenses?

The F 6.5, F 8, and so on, do not mean, as recently stated, focal lengths but are fractions denoting the relationship which the diameter of any lens bears to its focal length. Thus if the distance between the optical centre of the lens and the ground glass, which is the focal length, were 8 inches and the lens were marked F 4, it would mean that the diameter of the lens glass would be 2 inches. If marked F 8 it would be 1 inch, if F 16, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and so on.

THE WONDER STAR OF PEGASUS

VAST GLOBE OF FIERY MIST

How the Distance of a Star is Measured

SUN 220 MILLION MILES ROUND

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The constellation of Pegasus possesses in the star Beta a stellar marvel of great interest, which has recently been increased by the successful measurement of this colossal sun by the interferometer at Mount Wilson Observatory.

Beta's position was indicated in last week's C.N. star map, which also showed how to find it.

It has long been known to be a singular star, owing to its irregular fluctuations in brilliance, varying from 2.2 magnitude to 2.7. So sometimes it appears brighter than Epsilon in Pegasus, which is 2.5, and sometimes fainter. Its maxima and minima being uncertain, cannot be predicted, a circumstance which indicates that the fluctuations in its light are due to some colossal commotion in the star itself.

A Sun in the Making

Spectroscopic evidence has shown that Beta is a sun in a very early stage of its existence, and emerging from the condition of a nebula, being very little more than a glowing nebulous mass.

Beta's immense size made it possible to measure it by the interferometer, when it was found to be 71 millions of miles in diameter. It is, therefore, a sun, approximately a million and a half times the size of ours.

Imagine a globe of fiery gas at a temperature of 2850° centigrade, which would convert anything on our Earth into vapour, with a diameter extending three-quarters of the way from our world to the Sun, and we have an idea of Beta in Pegasus. It is, in fact, the fourth largest sun measured, being exceeded only by Betelgeuse, Antares, and Mira.

Stars that Appear to Move

Hitherto Beta's distance has been found too remote for trigonometrical measurement, in which the Earth's change of position in her orbit every six months gives a base line of 186 million miles, and causes an apparent change in the position of certain stars.

This apparent change of position is called the parallax. It is always an exceedingly small amount, less than a second of arc; and there are about 1900 seconds of arc in a line the apparent width of the Moon.

Now, it is known for a certainty that a second of arc represents a distance of about 20 million million miles. This represents the astronomical unit of a parsec, a word composed of the first syllables of parallax and second. A parsec is approximately 31 light years, or 206,265 times the distance of our Sun.

Commotions on a Distant Sun

Beta in Pegasus has now been found to have a parallax of .026 of a second of arc, indicating a distance of nearly 39 parsecs, or 125 light years.

Though so immense, this colossal globe of fiery mist may be only a few times heavier than our Sun. The whole of its surface glows with a dull reddish light from elements in a state of vapour, and all in terrific commotion throughout its circumference of 220 million miles and far down into its interior, so that it expands and contracts as the contending forces of radial pressure outward contend with the gravitational pull inwards; the effects of which we may all see in the singular fluctuations of its light. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mercury is in the east. In the evening Venus is in the west; Jupiter south-west, and Uranus south-east.

COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days
Among the Eskimos

Set down by
John Halden

CHAPTER 39

An Unfriendly Reception

It was two days later before our party actually started on the last lap of the journey to Copper Mountain. The caribou had to be skinned, and the meat prepared for carrying, and the other gifts for the Copper Mountain tribe got ready.

Meantime the natives clamoured for more "magic."

"Suppose we don't strike any matches while we are here, for we don't need them, and when we go we can give a small box to the shaman," suggested Ellen. "Then he can exhibit them on special occasions as a mark of our favour."

"And a sign of how great he is, poor old dotard," added Tom. "No one will dare to suggest putting him out of the way then."

So the white people persistently refused to exhibit any miracles except themselves, their snowy skin and ruddy hair. The Eskimos never tired of examining this, and Ellen had to wear her hair flowing all the time, a fashion which she found uncomfortable.

"Still, I didn't mind it when I was a child," she said, philosophically, as she tied it partly out of her eyes with a blue ribbon that had somehow persisted in their scanty luggage.

This ribbon, the people whispered, had come out of the sky, for it was the same colour.

The "great white bird," that was Timothy's aeroplane, had its share of awe-struck attention.

"Is it asleep? Why does it not fly?" asked the people.

"We might just give them a treat and take it up for a short flight," suggested Tom, who, it must be confessed, loved being the centre of such respectful attention.

But Timothy, farther sighted, vetoed this.

"We have brought it so far without any fooling about," he said, "and I mean to save the petrol in case of really urgent need. We don't know what sort of bother awaits us with the people beyond there."

So Tom was forced to explain the "bird's" preference for remaining on the ground.

"This bird," he said to the eagerly attentive group, "obeys only its master, my brother here. If he wishes he can make it fly, carrying him with it, straight toward the sun."

"Let us see him go!" persisted the people.

"He does not wish to go to the sun now," said Tom, loftily turning away. "He wishes to go to Copper Mountain."

The next morning they set out toward the mountain that stood alone and lofty in the plain ahead of them. They and their Eskimos were not allowed to carry anything, a relief, as Ellen confessed. The men of the village, and some of the women, went along to carry their gear and luggage. Only they were afraid to touch the white men's dogs—dogs bigger than they had ever seen before—and the "bird." These Timothy, and his young brother had to manage between them, as well as they could.

The mountain, on that level plain, had looked deceptively near, and it was only at the end of several days' march that the boys were able to distinguish at its foot the skin tents of the Eskimo tribe that guarded it.

The end of the four months' Arctic day was nearing and the Sun lay on the horizon, a blood-red ball of fire, as the white people approached the blue mountain.

"The tepees of these people seem larger than any we have seen before," announced Ole, who had been looking through his glasses. "The tribe seems to be out of doors in some sort of meeting-place, doing something I can't make out."

As soon as the party had approached near enough to see the people of the strange tribe with the naked eyes, their escorting Eskimos stopped and laid their burdens on the ground.

"You must wait here, while we go on to tell them of your arrival," said the shaman.

"Don't tell them any nonsense that we can't live up to," said Timothy, knowing as he spoke that his admonition was useless, for the shaman, with a secret smile, only bowed and went on.

"He knows what he's about," said Ole. "He wants to curry favour with the tribe for bringing back their gods to them."

In front of them the shaman and all the men of his tribe were moving forward in the slow ceremonious way that the boys had noted in their reception of themselves.

Very soon the men of Copper Village seemed to realise their approach, for they stopped whatever they were doing, and, snatching up long glittering spears, ran toward them.

The visitors moved on in a deprecating manner, with their hands high above their heads to show that they carried no weapons. But the strange tribe came insolently on with the points of their spears forward.

"Very bad manners according to Eskimo ethics," remarked Tom as he watched. "These new people are so arrogant they simply disregard our friends' peaceful signs."

"I hope they don't intend to harm them," said Ellen.

"If there were any probability of that our friends there would turn tail and run," said Timothy. "They're good enough fellows but not over courageous, I think."

"Their trump card is us," said Ole. "The old shaman means to get plenty of honour out of this, not to speak of copper bowls and things."

The light of the low Sun glinted surprisingly on the figures of the warriors as they advanced.

"Why, they're all covered with copper ornaments!" cried Ellen. "This is a wonderful ethnological find for you, Chris."

"Yes, I hope they let us buy some of them; they look very interesting," answered her brother.

The two advancing parties had met, and a parley was begun between the shaman and one who seemed to be the head man of the warrior tribe. The gestures and speech of the new people were very arrogant and disdainful, and they waved their spears almost in the faces of the newcomers.

"They're only doing that to show off," said Tom with disgust. "They know very well that our men haven't a knife among them. They only act in that way to show they don't care whether we are peaceful or not."

"Have your guns ready in case this parley breaks down," said Ole. "These are bad men from the look of them. There are only about ten of them out here, though, with anything but spears as arms, so if they attack we can hold them, if we are quick."

"I can't understand their attitude from what I know of the Eskimo character, can you, Ole?" said Christopher, looking puzzled. "All that we have met so far have been friendly and gentle, except where their superstitious fears were roused."

"I imagine the reason must be that this particular tribe has been for generations obliged to defend the Copper Mountain—which they have come to consider their own property—from other covetous tribes," said Timothy. "They probably get a good living without much exertion by trading with hunter tribes for skins and meat in exchange for small pieces of the coveted copper."

CHAPTER 40

The End of the Journey

A SUDDEN shout went up from the warriors and our people looked anxiously toward them.

To their surprise they saw the glittering points of the spears, which a moment before had been held so arrogantly upward, lowered to the ground, and the shoulders of the men respectfully bowed as they moved forward.

The men of the friendly Eskimo tribe parted to let them through. Christopher noted on the old shaman's wrinkled face an expression of exalted triumph. He hurried forward with the head man to introduce his find.

At a respectful distance they halted and the wondering eyes of the warriors were fastened on the white faces and the bright hair of the newcomers.

The head man spoke a sentence in an Eskimo dialect not unlike that of the village they had just left. Christopher understood it to mean, "You are very welcome. We are honoured."

The shaman beckoned to Ellen to come forward.

"Don't go alone, Nellie!" whispered Timothy, as she started. "This may be a trap, who knows? Let one of us men go first."

"Nonsense," laughed Ellen. "They're thoroughly cowed. What is more, they recognise me as the most important among you—doesn't my hair prove it?"

The girl laughed and went forward unhesitatingly, shaking her fluffy hair about her face. The copper-red Sun behind her on the horizon lighted up her slight figure, her flaming hair, and her courageous eyes. The boys watching her almost sympathised with the awe and reverence with which the ignorant natives beheld her.

"There's a spirit in a million!" said Timothy to himself, holding his rifle ready to shoot down the first man who should make a suspicious movement toward her.

But Ellen knew she was safe. She flashed a beaming smile on the head man, who made reverential gestures before her. Now that she was close she could see where the preposterous legend of the one fierce eye came from. Each of the warriors had tattooed on his forehead a great eye, picked out in blue pigment.

"I shall have to show that to our natives, and convince Arnanyak that the stories she used to frighten us all with are only so far true. The terrible eye that turned round and round in the middle of the savage forehead is put on with tattooing needles," she thought rapidly to herself as she acknowledged the obeisances of the chief. "Still, it

must look terrifying enough to a native who comes on one of these men asleep, with that blue eye unblinkingly open. And tales always become worse the more they are repeated."

"Here," said the shaman, darting forward, "is the great bird that sleeps." He indicated the aeroplane, afraid, like the others to go too near. "This," he pointed at Timothy, "is its master. Sleeping, it follows him wherever he goes."

"With the help of a few mere dogs," muttered Tom, impudently, as he smiled and bowed like the others.

"Whatever has that old man been telling these warriors about us?" thought Christopher, as he looked at the awe in the tattooed faces about him. "I can be sure at least that our supernatural qualities have lost nothing in his telling. What if we make a stand right here and insist upon it that we are only human?"

"They would kill us if they became convinced we were nothing but men, come to examine their mountain," said Ole, as if answering Christopher's unspoken thoughts. "These men are the nastiest customers we've come across in the North, by far."

Christopher sighed and nodded his acceptance of this reasoning.

The men were terrifying enough objects when one looked at them as possible enemies. Each of them was tattooed with an eye in his forehead, and with lines and circles over his cheeks and chin. And all of them had ornamental labrets in their lips.

A labret, as Christopher knew, is an ornament once greatly in favour among the Eskimos, and still worn even on the coast by conservative old men. But with the coming of the white men who disapproved of it, the younger generation in contact with white civilisation have given it up.

It consists of a long piece of ivory or stone, buttoned into the lower lip like a collar button through a hole made when the boy is young. Usually there are two of them, one at each corner of the mouth. Sometimes those worn by these Copper Villagers reached below the chin and up almost to the eye over the cheek. It gave them a grotesque appearance as though they wore tusks.

"Jolly uncomfortable," was Tom's unspoken comment.

Introductions over, the warriors drew into a rough military formation, and prepared to lead the white people into the village.

"I can't seem to make out a word they are saying," said Timothy. "Do you suppose that, unlike the other Eskimos we have met, they have a language all their own?"

"I don't think so," responded Christopher, who had been listening closely, and, being a trained phonetician, understood better than his companions. "Their speech is harsh and clipped, but that seems to be characteristic of a militaristic people. Do you remember in Berlin how hard and rough the accent of the Prussians was compared to the softer, slower speech of the artistic Munichers and the peaceful Rhinelanders?"

This discussion had taken place as our party walked toward the village. On either side of them walked the tattooed warriors, their faces stonily immobile, their spears held stiffly before them.

"It is as if they had arrested us!" whispered Ellen.

Christopher nodded, and his face was grave.

"Suppose these people—" But it was no good thinking about that. Here they were at the end of their journey. Above them the mountain loomed, no longer softly blue, as it had appeared on the horizon, but bleak and rocky. Immediately before them were the skin tents of the village, and women coming out to meet them, singing incantations, and beating spirit drums.

"Keep your guns by you whatever happens!" warned Ole. "They may come in useful yet."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Four Sons

THERE once lived a man who had four sons, and one day he called them, and said: "My sons, the time has come when you should each go your way in the world. I have saved a little money to be divided between you, so that your chances may be equal. In ten years' time I want you to come back, that I may see how you have fared."

Then he gave them his blessing and their share of his savings, and bade them good-bye.

Now, the eldest son had always been a great student and would long since have taken a course of medicine, but he lacked the money, so now he eagerly took the opportunity.

The second son was a strong youth, rather aggressive, but always willing to defend his brothers against the village lads. So he took up soldiering.

The third son was fond of drawing. Nothing pleased him better than to sit with a pencil and paper, drawing houses and bridges and ships. He, therefore, apprenticed himself to an architect.

But the baby of the family, a bright fair-haired lad, was in a fix. He had no special talent nor any particular desire. As long as he was able to wander in the fields and admire the exquisite colouring of a hedge-sparrow's egg, the delicacy of the wild flowers, and the daring beauty of the setting Sun, he was happy. So, being undecided as to what use to make of his money, he journeyed to the town to look around him. And young as he was, he was dismayed at the drabness of the lives of the people. Their clothes were dull and dreary, and so were their homes.

"Oh," cried the lad in despair, "how can their hearts be brave and their lives happy in such surroundings?"

So he bound himself to an old weaver and dyer, who taught him to weave wonderful material in all manner of rich colourings. And because the prices were far beyond the reach of the common people, he set himself to discover a cheap process. And this he did, but not until he had worked hard and spent all his money. But the day came when the shops were filled with the cloths he had designed, and the people smiled as they decked themselves in wondrous coloured raiment.

Then he found that his ten years' pilgrimage was at an end, and he joined his brothers at their father's house.

The father was old and feeble now, but his eyes sparkled as he listened with pride to his sons' achievements.

For one was a man of renown in the medical world, the other the leader of an army, and the third a builder of bridges and cathedrals.

"And what have you done, my youngest son?" said the old man.

The weaver told them his story. The father smiled. "You have created a desire for beauty in the hearts of men and women and little children, my son," said he. "You have done well."

Buy your little
Brother or Sister

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This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words which **any** child can understand are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. With CHICKS' OWN children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday

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Now Are the Winds About Us in Their Glee



Dr. MERRYMAN

WHEN a friend of a great scholar tried to persuade him to become a member of a learned Society he answered:

"If I were a member of the Society people might ask 'Why is he there?' I prefer that they should ask 'Why is he not there?'"

Word Finding

THE head of an eagle,
And tail of a pig,
These you must add
To the end of a wig.
And when joined together
You then will be able
To show a nice relish
For the breakfast-table.

Solution next week

Do You Live at Elland?

ELLAND is merely a changed spelling of island. Elland stands on the River Calder, and at some very early period its site was no doubt actually an island.

His Taking Ways

A NERVOUS and sensitive rook,
Of a scarecrow disliking the look,
Took his courage in hand,
Took his leave of our land,
And took to Kamchatka his hook.

Quite True

A VERY old man went to an insurance company and asked for a policy on his life.

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "I am extremely sorry, but I am afraid you are too old for us to take the risk. May I ask how old you are?"

"Ninety-seven next month," replied the old man, and added testily: "If you will take the trouble to look up your statistics you'll find that very few men die after ninety-seven."

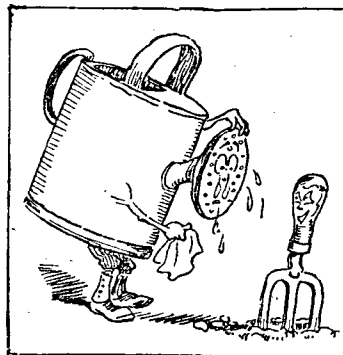
Quite Contrary

Here is another old nursery rhyme written in the style of a cross-word puzzle:

MARY, Mary, quite opposed to,
How does your garden increase,
flourish?
With silver bells and the coverings
of marine bivalves,
And fair maids all in exact alignment.

How can you swallow a door?
By bolting it.

Come-Alive Characters



Idle tears

"It seems to me I can't be well,"
Complained the watering-pot.
"I always feel inclined to cry
Whenever the weather's hot."
The Fork replied, "Now, ask yourself
How I so cheerful keep.
I work, while you, you slothful thing,
Just wander round and weep!"

WHAT trees are not affected by fire?
Ashes, because when burned they are still ashes.

A Cool Calculation



FLIP: "Look, there's plenty of shade under that tree ten feet ahead of you."

Sammy Summersnail: "Yes, and by the time I get there winter will have set in!"

What Am I?

I AM, as you'll agree with me,
The funniest thing in land or sea.
My mouth is bigger than my head,
I always stay within my bed.
Yet, funnier still, I often rise.
Now answer that, you solvers wise!
Yet though in bed I always stop,
You'll see me racing neck and crop
Through the valley, down the hill;
In fact, I'm very rarely still.
This condition answer me,
This funniest thing in land or sea.

Solution next week

CAN you spell grandly with four letters? G R and L Y.

The Doctor's Prescription

A CELEBRATED French doctor was accustomed to charge two hundred francs for a first consultation and fifty francs for every further visit.

A patient who did not care to pay two hundred francs, but preferred to begin at the second visit, entered his consulting room one day, and in an off-hand manner exclaimed, "Ah, doctor, here I am again!"

The doctor examined him carefully and said: "You are getting on all right; continue the treatment I prescribed last time."

How do you know that your nose and chin are not well matched?
Because words are constantly passing between them.

Half Nonsense

A BLESSED thing it is to be.
A cheeky sparrow on a tree,
But it would make me sulk and rage
To be a parrot in a cage.
I'd rather be a bursting bomb
Than any pampered snuffling Pom;
I'd rather be a hunted monkey
Than any supercilious flunkey.
Break down the bars of cage and trap,
Leap free from Fortune's prison lap;
Better to starve, and freeze, and die
On the cold peaks of Liberty.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Hidden Cities

Naples, Moscow, Athens, Odessa

Alphabet and Arithmetic

Horse + house + pear = rose + tap = hoe - hat = A = Supper.

Who Was He?

The Master Painter was Correggio

Jacko Has Some Tea

MRS. JACKO wasn't at all fond of caterpillars. She said they did no end of damage in the garden, to say nothing of "giving her the creeps," as she called it.

Jacko thought caterpillars were rather nice; in fact, he collected them in the hope they might turn into butterflies. He kept his collection in a large box, and took great care that the caterpillars had a fresh supply of juicy leaves every day.

Of course Mrs. Jacko didn't know about it, or she would have had the shock of her life at the idea of caterpillars being brought into the house!

But one day she found out. Belinda had called round to see her new hat, and, when Mrs. Jacko went upstairs to get it, she found the box full of caterpillars. Jacko had pushed her hat away in a corner, and taken the box for his collection.

Mrs. Jacko nearly collapsed when she found what had happened. Her shrieks brought Mr. Jacko out of his room, and he was after Jacko like a shot with the cane.



Everything was whisked away up the tree

But Jacko managed to give him the slip that time. He ran out into the garden and climbed the highest tree he could find, and Mr. Jacko lost track of him.

His father went indoors again grumbling about his work being disturbed. "There's no peace and quiet with that boy about!" he said angrily.

Jacko stayed up the tree till he thought the coast was clear. He was just beginning to climb down again, when Mrs. Jacko and Belinda suddenly appeared, with chairs and tables. They were going to have tea in the garden; what is more, they had chosen to sit under the very tree that Jacko was hiding in.

Jacko kept very quiet; his mind was working hard. He had some string in his pocket, and was wondering what he could do with it.

It wasn't long before all the family were sitting down to tea. Jacko could hear every word they said.

Mrs. Jacko wanted Adolphus to look for him.

"I don't see why Jacko should go without his tea," she said. "I'm sure he didn't mean to frighten me with his caterpillars, and we won't say any more about it."

But Adolphus wouldn't stir an inch. He lolled back in his deck-chair, and said he wasn't going to run round the place looking for Jacko. "He doesn't deserve any tea," he said loftily. "What is more, he isn't going to have it."

But almost before the words were out of his mouth, everything on his plate had been whisked away up into the tree. It was Adolphus who lost his tea, not Jacko!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Hat Trimming from the Waves

In the desolate Isle of Grain, at the mouth of the Medway in Kent, lives Mr. G. Levitt, who is known all around as the Seaweed Man. He collects, cleans, and dyes seaweed, which he sells to the big wholesale milliners, to be used for trimming hats.

Labourers pick up the seaweed, which is found in white feathery strands on the shore, clean it, and arrange it in bunches. Mr. Levitt pays for the harvest according to its cleanness and quality.

He treats the weed with glycerine; rain will turn it brown and rotten. It is dyed with special waterproof dyes, rinsed in artesian well water, and then is ready to be sent to the milliner.

Une Garniture de Chapeau Venant des Flots

Dans la solitaire Ile de Grain, à l'embouchure de la Medway, Kent, demeure M. G. Levitt, connu aux alentours sous le nom de l'Homme-au-Varech. Il ramasse, nettoie et teint le varech, qu'il vend aux modistes en gros pour en faire des garnitures de chapeaux.

Des ouvriers récoltent le varech, qui se trouve en torons blancs et plumeux sur la côte; ils le nettoient et l'arrangent en bouquets. M. Levitt leur achète leur récolte à un prix variant suivant sa propreté et sa qualité.

Il enduit de glycérine ce produit, que la pluie brunit et pourrit. Puis il le teint au moyen de teintures imperméables, le rince dans de l'eau provenant d'un puits artésien, et le varech se trouve alors en état d'être envoyé aux modistes.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Pictures

ONE day, when the children were at the seaside, Mother had such a bad headache she could not get up.

"Never mind, Mummy," said Felicity; "Jerry and I will take the twins down to the shore and keep them happy and safe till dinner-time."

This was rather a hard thing to do because the twins were fidgety little persons, and it was difficult to keep them from tumbling into the sea.

When they reached the shore Felicity said, "Now, we'll play a new game. Let us see who can make the nicest picture on the sand."

The twins did not want to do this because they thought paddling and getting wet would be more fun, until Felicity said: "We'll make a sand mermaid, and when the tide comes she can swim away."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried the twins.

The sand mermaid really was lovely when she was finished; she had long, green seaweed hair, and her tail was made of shining shells.

And while Felicity and the little ones made their mermaid, Jerry made a picture of a beautiful sand-boat. It was very much like a boat on the shore called the Scamew. Jerry wrote Scamew on his boat, too, all in little white letters made of shells.

Then an old gentleman with brass buttons on his coat came



They began at once

along and cried, "Why, that's a picture of my boat!" Do you like boats, my boy?"

Jerry told him he did; and then the old gentleman said, "Well, what do you all say to a sail in my Scamew this afternoon?"

They said they would love it, but they would have to ask Mother.

And Mother didn't mind, so they all went for a sail on the sea; and when they came home the sand mermaid had vanished. Felicity said she had gone to the bottom of the sea to show her lovely oyster-shell tail to the real mermaids.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 5, 1925

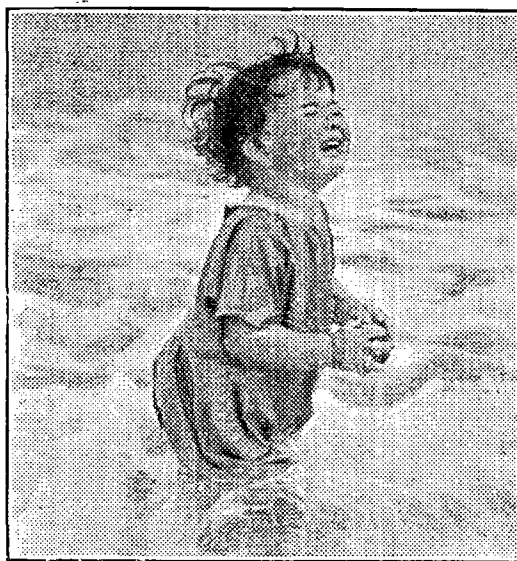
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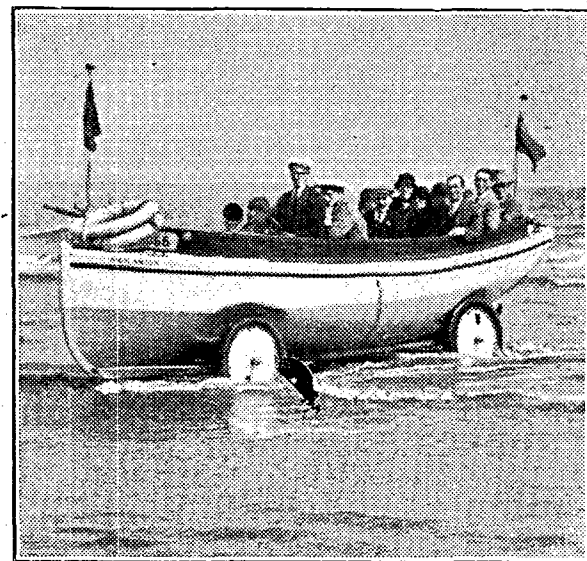
GOLF AT LONDON BRIDGE · THE OLDEST IRISHMAN · A PERAMBULATOR FOR 16



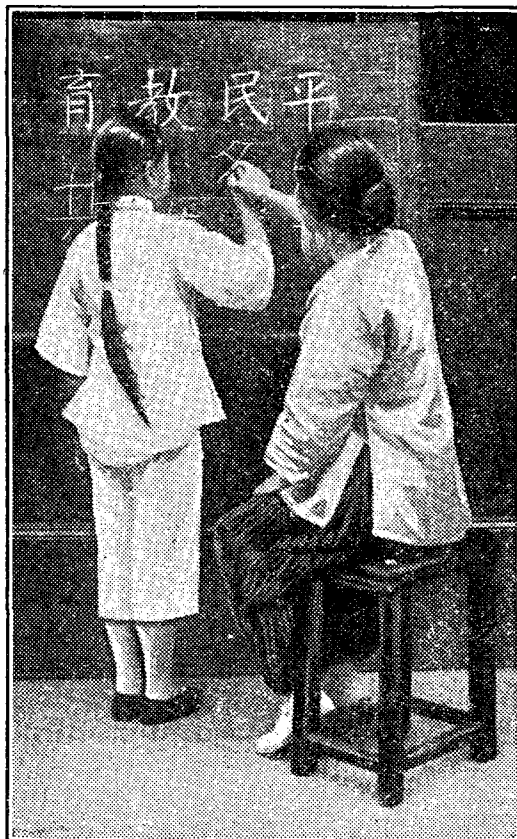
Playing Golf at London Bridge—A putting course of 18 holes has been made on the roof of Adelaide House near the Monument, and City workers can now enjoy a luncheon hour game.



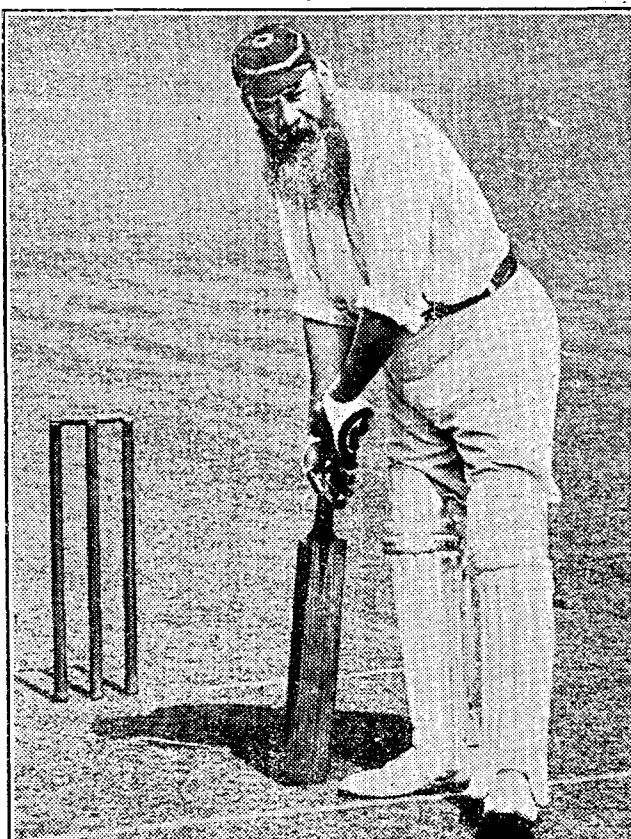
In Troubled Waters—A big wave of the grey North Sea has just surprised this little visitor to the Norfolk coast, who is evidently finding the water rather cold.



An Amphibious Motor-Boat—Visitors to Skegness, in Lincolnshire, very much enjoy a trip in this curious-looking craft, which is equipped with wheels and can travel on sea or land.



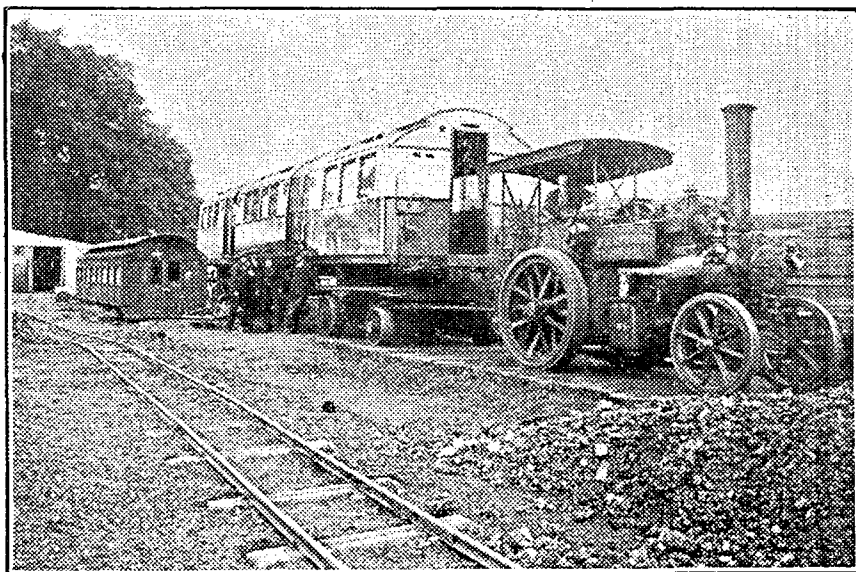
Learning to Write in Shanghai—Education is making great progress in China, though it is difficult for scholars to learn the Chinese characters. Here a Shanghai teacher is showing a pupil how to form her letters.



The Greatest Cricketer—Grand old Dr. W. G. Grace still stands as the greatest master of cricket of all time, though our splendid batsman Hobbs, whom we see on the front page, has surpassed W. G.'s record of centuries. As an all-round cricketer, however, Grace has had no rival.



The Oldest Irishman—Joseph Swaney, who lives near Lettermacoward, Co. Donegal, and whom we see here with his wife, is well over a hundred years old, but still hale and hearty, as we can see. He still sings well.



Railway Coaches Go by Road—The extension of the City and South London Railway to Morden is nearing completion, and here some new coaches are arriving at Morden.



A Perambulator to Seat Sixteen—This novel perambulator, drawn by a donkey, can carry a family of sixteen, and is a popular institution at the Park Royal Hospital, Willesden.

A WORD OF ADVICE FROM PETER PUCK—READ MY MAGAZINE EACH MONTH

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R.R.